

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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TO HER MAJESTY
THE QUEEN
TOILET SOAP MAKERS

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A man—his hobby—and a very personal cigarette...

An actor for 47 years, and for most of them a star—that's Ernest Thesiger. If you've been lucky enough to see one of his many plays or films, you'll have admired the originality which he brings to every part he plays.

Ernest Thesiger is a painter too, yet he finds time to add to his many collections; loveliest of all, perhaps, the vases, jugs, goblets and candlesticks in silver glass lustre which glow with colour in his London flat.

Only an original man could have such widely differing interests. Ernest Thesiger shows individuality, too, in his choice of a cigarette that is oval in shape, though of Virginian flavour, larger than most and rather fuller to the taste: "Passing Clouds"—in their uncompromisingly pink box.



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Ernest Thesiger's colourful collection of silver glass lustre results from many theatrical journeys, at home and abroad. Some of the pieces in his collection are of foreign origin, but the majority, and those he values most, were made in England for the Great Exhibition of 1851 and bear the seal "Varnish London" to prove it. It is the collection of a highly original man, one whose individuality shows itself in many ways. Offer him a cigarette, for instance, and he'll say, "Rather smoke my own, thanks." Then he'll pass you his unmistakable pink box of "Passing Clouds."



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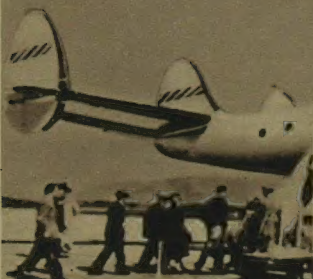
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Wine Stores as well as Off-Licences can now sell Gordon's Gin and Gordon's Cocktails in all sizes.

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Gordon's experts have prepared six classic Cocktails which you can buy at one guinea the bottle. These Cocktails should be served as cool as possible.

Dry Martini, Martini, Bronx, Piccadilly, Perfect, Fifty-Fifty

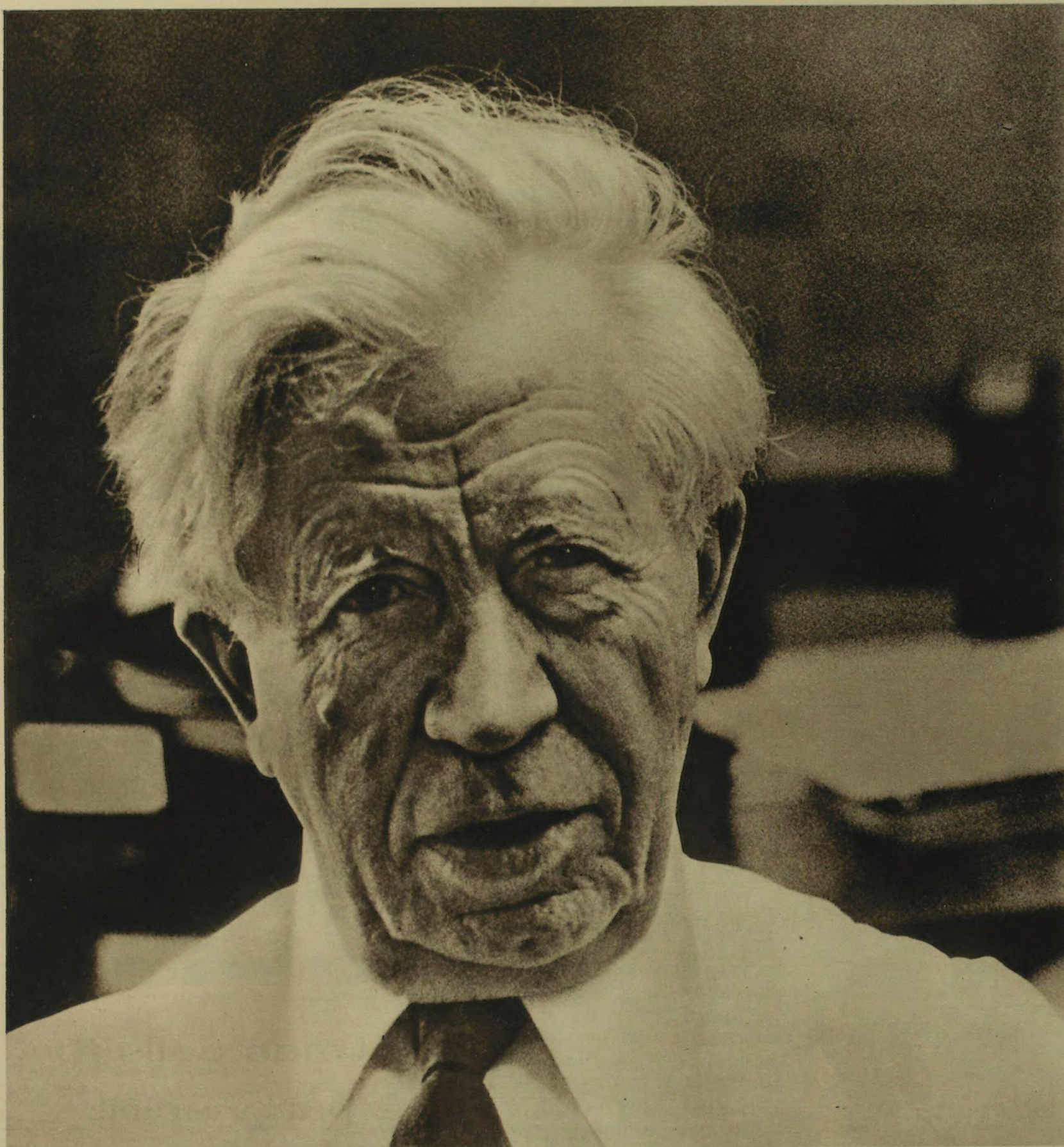


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DR. VILHJALMUR STEFANSSON: EXPLORER, WRITER, ESKIMO

He learned to love the Arctic by becoming an Eskimo for ten winters. This was no hostile icecap, he said, but a friendly land of vast promise. Men listened. New cities sprang up in Alaska and Canada. New air routes bridged the Land of the Midnight Sun. Naturally Dr. Stefansson flies a lot. And like other world travellers he prefers the *relaxing* way in the luxury of smooth quiet Lockheed Super Constellations. At 77 he's busy lecturing and writing his autobiography. Also planning his next trip: to Europe next June on an early flight of the even bigger, faster new Lockheed Luxury Liner (Model 1649) via TWA — Trans World Airlines.



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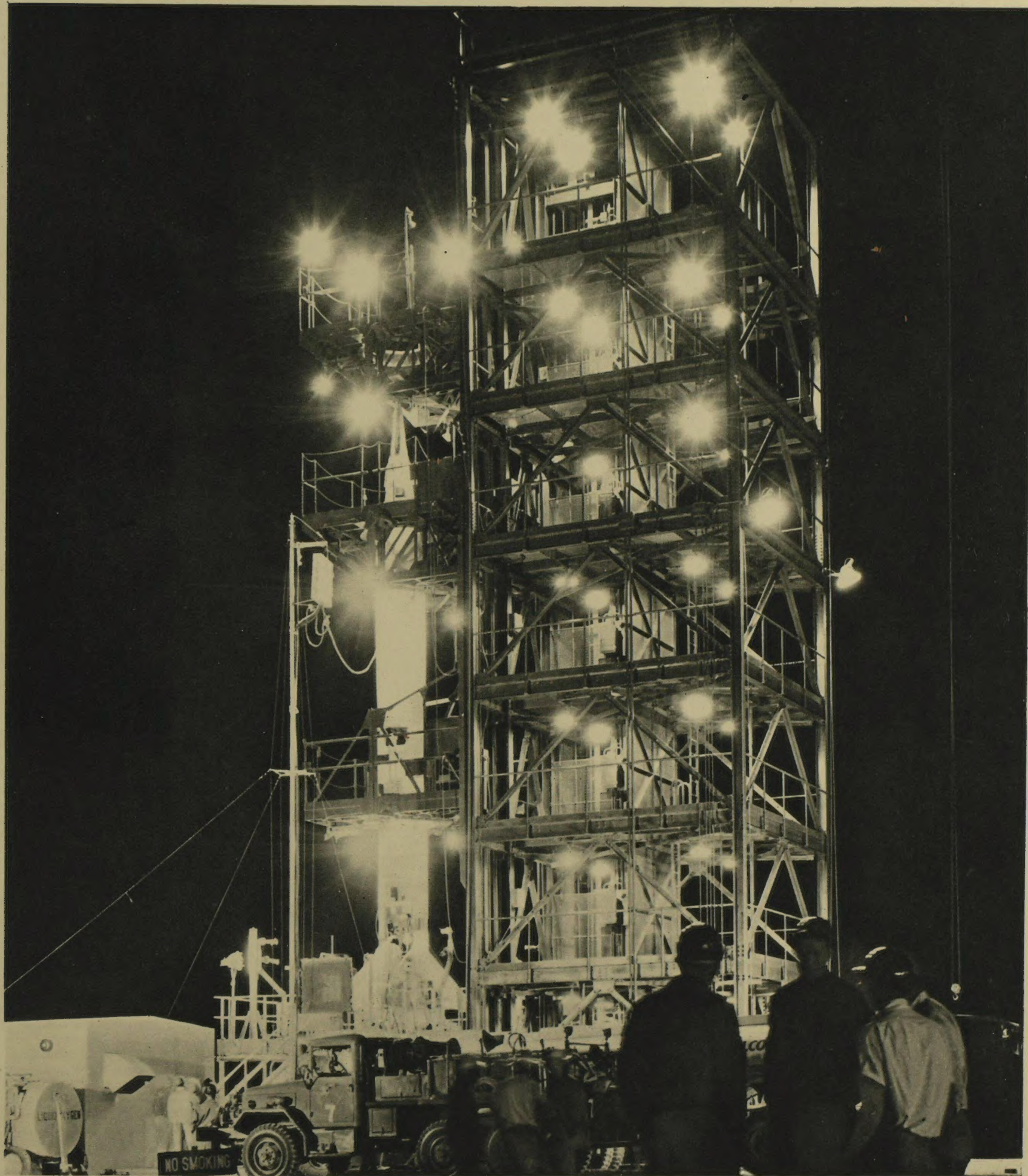
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1956.



THE FIRST TEST ROCKET OF THE AMERICAN EARTH SATELLITE PROGRAMME BEING PREPARED FOR ITS SUCCESSFUL LAUNCHING ON DECEMBER 8. IT CLIMBED 125 MILES AND REACHED A SPEED OF 4000 M.P.H.

This rocket, a *Viking-13*, was fired on December 8 at the U.S.A.F. missile test centre at Cape Canaveral, in Florida. It was the first of the test missiles for the earth satellite programme of the International Geophysical Year (1957-58) and the purpose of the firing was to test instruments and gather information for the launching of the bigger three-stage rockets which will take the earth satellites into the upper atmosphere. The U.S. Defence

Department announced that the test rocket reached a speed of 4000 m.p.h. and climbed to a height of 125 miles before ending its flight in the Atlantic Ocean about 180 miles from the launching base. The rocket used, the first of about twenty forthcoming tests, is 45 ft. long and is similar to the first stage of the rockets which will eventually carry the earth satellites. These three-stage rockets are expected to be about 72 ft. long.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

OCCASIONALLY—not, I admit, very often in this time of depressing and humiliating public news—one reads something in the Press that gives one pleasure. Such was the revelation a few weeks ago of the unsolicited act of two American coloured soldiers stationed in this country who, without saying a word to anyone, had secretly at night renovated and tidied a neglected memorial to Thomas Clarkson, the Liberator. I happen to own a little tortoise-shell box inscribed with that great and good man's initials—one of my most treasured possessions, given me by the great-granddaughter of Southey, the poet, to whom Clarkson had apparently presented it—and I was holding it in my hand at the moment that I read of this most touching act of piety and historical recognition. I hope the paragraph, reproduced in some transatlantic newspaper, may have caught the eye of some of those unthinking Americans whose passion for the American way of life—or one of the American ways of life—causes them to threaten violence to the descendants of African slaves for daring to aspire to attend the same libertarian schools or colleges as themselves. Nothing in the long and honourable history of this country does it greater credit than the story of that dauntless and indefatigable little band of friends who set themselves, with such momentous consequences, to destroy the immense vested interest and vile inhumanity of the eighteenth-century Slave Trade; and its recognition by these two humble American soldiers was curiously comforting to at least one Englishman at a time when England, and all she stands for, is being so violently abused by the spokesmen of races whose liberty was won largely by the blood and sacrifices of Englishmen. Long-term gratitude is seldom a human attribute—which is one of the reasons, I suppose, why the company of dogs is so satisfying—but any manifestation of it shines like "a good deed in a naughty world."

Another item in the Press which has lately given me pleasure was a letter in *The Times* from Mr. D. V. Tahmankar, London editor of the *Kesari and Mahratta*. It was such a significant and, I thought, moving letter, that I have copied it in full, for it deserves to be read by everyone concerned with Britain's work and present place in the world. The first part of it reads:

Writing in your issue of December 5, Mr. R. L. Coghlan expresses his surprise that "India did not make it (the Port Said affair) the occasion to leave the Commonwealth." This shows, if I may say so, a considerable lack of understanding of the basic factors, spiritual and material, which bind India to the Commonwealth.

The material factors first: (1) The United Kingdom is the principal market for Indian goods and she is also the principal exporter of goods to India. Nearly 90 per cent. of her foreign trade is with the Commonwealth countries. (2) India, like China, has a large overseas population, nearly 35 million, and mostly in the Commonwealth countries. The Indians overseas are of great strategic value to India. (3) India's declared foreign policy is one of non-alignment, but there is a tacit understanding between India and the Commonwealth that in the event of an outside attack she will receive all the necessary help to defend herself. (4) India's military training and equipment are largely based on British pattern and tradition—even the words of command are English, although an attempt has been made recently to introduce Hindustani words of command.*

How true the last of these very relevant points of common interest is I know from the publications I receive from time to time from India's School of Infantry, with their stress on the common loyalties and ties that bind the officers and men of India's historic fighting regiments to their old comrades-in-arms of the British Army. Mr. Tahmankar does not specifically mention

what I believe to be the greatest of all the attributes which the Indian Army derives from the British, but, judging from the spirit of his letter, it was no doubt in his mind when he wrote: that it shares the guiding principle that that very characteristic West Country Englishman, General Monck, impressed on the British Army at the time of its inception: that the military arm must always, and in all circumstances, be subordinate to the civil. It was the lack of this principle in Indian affairs that led to the anarchy which in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries led to Britain's not very willing control of the peninsula and established the British raj. It is the greatest, perhaps, of all the guarantees for individual liberty and the rule of law that this country has evolved, and its transmission to a now

pacific India, with its vast population, martial races and ancient tradition of valour, may prove of immense value in the future to the world in general and South-East Asia in particular.

Mr. Tahmankar then goes on:

Now for the spiritual factors: First and foremost the parliamentary system of India is based on the British pattern of free elections and party system; also the judicial system is wholly of British origin and working. Add to this the influence of the English language which has proved to be "the milk of a tigress" in the words of the late Lokamanya Tilak, the father of Indian revolution, by which he meant that a nation brought up on such strong diet is not likely to be a weakling.

Mr. Nehru, who is essentially an intellectual, is prone to make statements on world affairs which are difficult to reconcile in the narrow context of the Commonwealth. But in the long run they fit in the life-pattern of India's peaceful policy, which again is the policy of the Commonwealth. I submit, therefore, that there was no reason for anybody to think that India would have ever severed her Commonwealth connexion because of the Port Said affair. The fact that she has withstood the shock is itself a proof that India is bound to the Commonwealth for all the foreseeable future. I feel confident that the ties will grow closer and stronger as time goes on.

This point about the connection—or lack of connection—between questions of immediate but ephemeral policy and the enduring spirit of the Commonwealth and the historic British ideals of liberty, peace and justice that inspire it, seems to me of great validity. India and Britain, and all the other member nations of the Commonwealth, have, of necessity, individual interests of their own, and to insist that they are identical, as some do, is to endanger the very existence of our union. The United Kingdom's action over the Suez Canal was a case in point; whatever one may think about the lack of Whitehall's consultation with the other Commonwealth Governments before it issued its ultimatum to Egypt, the peace of the Middle East and the preservation of free navigation in the Suez Canal are for obvious reasons far

more important to Britain's economy and strength than to India's. What is needed to-day is a reorientation, both in this country and in the Commonwealth countries, of our habit of thinking about such matters. It has long been recognised that what was once called the Mother Country can no longer expect Canada or Australia or South Africa or New Zealand, still less the great Oriental States which formerly formed part of the British Empire, to be subservient to purely British interests or to act automatically in furtherance of them. A similar recognition is now needed that Britain, too, has her own material needs and interests which her Government must preserve and further, even when they appear of no interest or alien to her partner-nations of the Commonwealth. Mr. Tahmankar's letter shows the beginnings of a recognition of this fact: of the great truth, which is a two-way truth, that we can act diversely and in freedom and yet remain, as members of a family, bound together by enduring and spiritual ties that transcend such differences.



ELECTED THE EIGHTEENTH PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY ON DECEMBER 11: MR. CHARLES WHEELER, R.A., WHO IS THE FIRST SCULPTOR TO BE ELECTED TO THIS OFFICE, AND IS SEEN HERE AT WORK IN HIS LONDON STUDIO.

Forty-four Academicians met at Burlington House to elect their new President in succession to Sir Albert Richardson. They elected Mr. Charles Wheeler, the sculptor, whose nearest rival was Mr. James Fittion. Mr. Wheeler, who was born at Wolverhampton in 1892, was elected A.R.A. in 1934 and was advanced to Academician in 1940. He has exhibited at the Royal Academy since 1914, and had five exhibits in this year's Summer Exhibition—two paintings, two drawings and a bronze bust. Mr. Wheeler describes himself as a traditionalist. Several of his works have been bought for the nation under the terms of the Chantrey Bequest. In 1949 he received the Gold Medal of the Royal Society of British Sculptors, and he is President of the Society of Portrait Sculptors.

AS CHRISTMAS DREW NEAR IN HUNGARY: THE TRAGIC FACE OF BUDAPEST UNDER THE RUSSIAN OPPRESSORS.



DESPITE ALL THE RUSSIANS CAN DO, THE HUNGARIAN STRUGGLE FOR FREEDOM GOES ON: A FREEDOM FIGHTER SPEAKING FROM A RUSSIAN TANK.



AN ARMED RUSSIAN SOLDIER IN THE STREETS OF BUDAPEST, WHERE THE SEVEREST MEASURES COULD NOT HALT THE GENERAL STRIKE.



THE OPPRESSORS AND THE DEFIANT OPPRESSED: AN UNDAUNTED HUNGARIAN WALKS PAST A RUSSIAN TANK AND ITS CREW PATROLLING IN BUDAPEST.



A FRUIT AND VEGETABLE STALL IN THE BATTERED STREETS OF THE CITY. AS WINTER DRAWS ON, BUDAPEST FACES THE GRIM PROSPECT OF FAMINE IN THE CLASH OF WILLS.



AN ARMED WORKMAN ON GUARD AT A FACTORY GATE ON CSEPEL ISLAND, ONE OF THE CENTRES OF THE WORKERS' RESISTANCE TO THE RUSSIANS.



THE TRAGIC FACE OF BUDAPEST AS CHRISTMAS DREW NEAR: HUNGARIAN MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WATCH THE RUSSIAN TANKS OF THE OPPRESSOR.

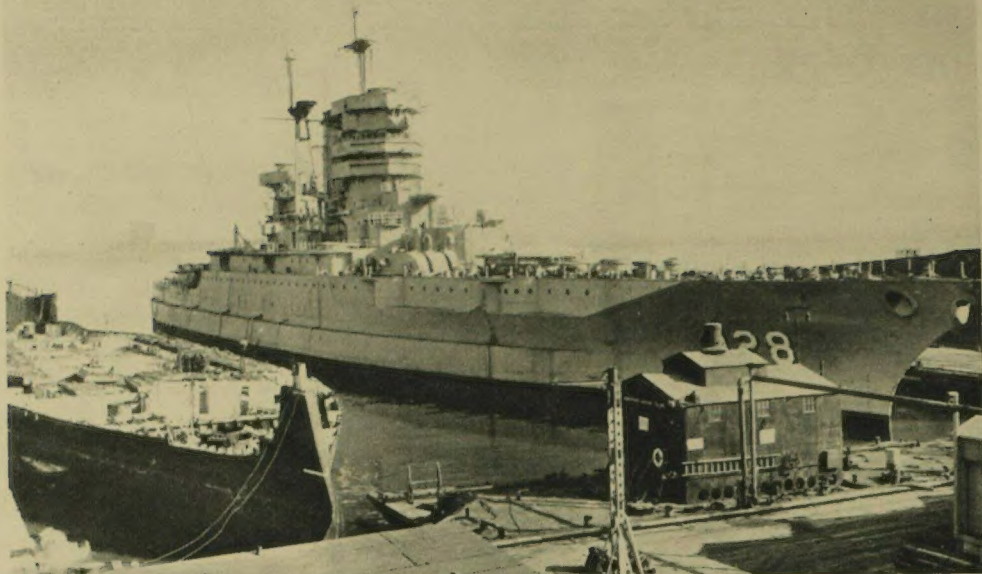
On December 10, despite the martial law declared in Budapest at Russia's command, the workers in Budapest and throughout the country in general obeyed the workers' councils' order of a general strike. On December 12 it was learned that the Soviet-controlled Kadar regime had arrested two leaders of the Central Workers' Committee, Sandor Racs and Sandor Bali; and as a result, although the general strike had come to its appointed end, there was a further indignant "down tools" movement. At about this date it was learnt that Russia was continuing the build-up of her forces in Hungary and



DURING THE GENERAL STRIKE ORDERED BY THE WORKERS: MEN OF BUDAPEST READING A RUSSIAN-ISSUED NOTICE URGING THEM TO GO BACK TO WORK.

it was believed that three more divisions had been moved into the country. On December 13 Mr. Nehru, speaking to the Upper House of the Indian Parliament, said that according to Indian diplomatic representatives in Hungary it had been estimated that about 25,000 Hungarians and 7000 Russians (mostly belonging to the armed forces) had been killed in the recent rising; and he admitted that the revolution was widespread and that it was a basic fact that it was a national movement in which the great majority of industrial workers and students took part, in Budapest and elsewhere.

AN ANGLO-SAXON MEDICAL MS.; AND NEWS FROM THREE COUNTRIES.



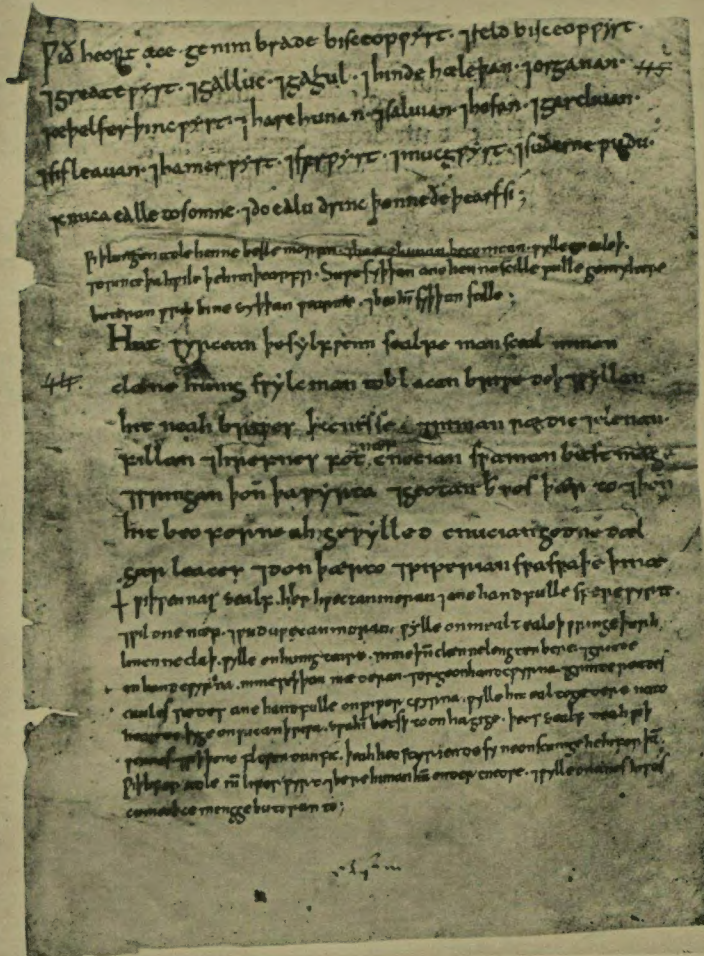
THE U.S. NAVY'S OLDEST ACTIVE SHIP REACHES THE SCRAPYARD: THE 1917 BATTLESHIP MISSISSIPPI AT BALTIMORE, ALONGSIDE THE PART-DISMANTLED ILLINOIS. The U.S.S. Mississippi (29,700 tons) was built as a battleship and completed in 1917. She belonged to the "New Mexico" class and was converted in 1947 into an experimental gunnery and guided missile ship. She entered a Baltimore yard for her dismantling to begin on December 9.



(Above.) FOR THE FORGETFUL—OR HARD-PRESSED—SWEDISH HOUSEWIFE: AN IMPOSING BATTERY OF AUTOMATIC COIN MACHINES AT BLACKBERG WITH A WIDE RANGE OF HOUSEHOLD COMMODITIES.



IN THE NEW MESS DRESS FOR OFFICERS IN THE QUEEN ALEXANDRA'S ROYAL ARMY NURSING CORPS: BRIG. C. M. JOHNSON, MATRON-IN-CHIEF AND DIRECTOR OF ARMY NURSING SERVICES. This newly approved mess dress consists of a long black satin skirt, a white Terylene ninon blouse with long sleeves and a plain tailored collar, while the short jacket is of scarlet satin. It was first shown on December 10.



BOUGHT AT SOTHEBY'S FOR £550 BY THE WELLCOME TRUST, AND TO BE SHOWN AT THE WELLCOME HISTORICAL MEDICAL LIBRARY: AN ANGLO-SAXON MEDICAL MS. ITS TRANSLATION FOLLOWS.

"For heartache, take broad-bishopwort, field-bishopwort, great-wort, comfrey, sweet-gale, hindheal, organe, stitchwort, horehound, sage, alehoof, agrimony, cinquefoil, black hellebore, gentian, mugwort, southernwood; pound all together; make an ale. Drink of it when you have need. For lung disease, henbane, mulberry, horehound, betony; boil into an ale and (let the patient) drink at times as he has need. Let him take afterwards an eggshell-full of melted butter; then cover him up warm, and let him then rest. To make yourself an ointment for tumours, one shall take pure honey, such as is used to lighten porridge, boil it to almost the thickness of porridge; take radish, elder, wild thyme, cinquefoil, pound them as well as you can; then squeeze the worts so as to extract the juice from them, and when it is almost done mix in a good measure of garlic and put to it as much pepper as you think. A salve against tumours, water cucumber, a handful of spearmint, dittany, woodwax, mulberry; boil in malt-ale; squeeze through a linen-cloth, boil in honey droppings; take then clean spring-barley, grind (it) in a handmill; then take madder, dry it in (an oven); grind a handful of red-cabbage seed in a peppermill; boil all together, not too hard. Use it three times a week, as is most convenient. This salve is good for tumours and for the bleeding piles. But it should be stirred up, lest it should be spoiled. For liver disease, take liverwort; let it be carried home under your knee; boil it in milk from a cow of one colour and mix butter with it."



HOME AGAIN AFTER A SUCCESSFUL "MIRACLE" HEART OPERATION IN AMERICA: TWENTY-TWO-MONTH-OLD JOHN CHRISTOPHER GOLD AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH HIS MOTHER AND FATHER. This baby boy, with a very rare heart condition, described as a hole in the heart, was flown from England in the autumn to the Mayo Clinic, Minnesota. After a successful operation, followed by a dangerous relapse, the baby has recovered and returned to London on December 13.



THE SINAI WAR'S TRAIL OF DESTRUCTION: BLOCKING THE WAY TO A MODERN ARMY'S MOTORISED ADVANCE—A DESERT ROAD'S DESTRUCTION, SOME EIGHTEEN MILES EAST OF THE SUEZ CANAL.

This photograph is reprinted from an Egyptian periodical in which it was given as evidence of a "scorched earth" policy applied by the Israeli forces in their withdrawal from Sinai; and, indeed, General Burns, the commander of the U.N. Emergency Force, while speaking of the advance of the Yugoslav U.N. troops into the Sinai desert, agreed that the roads in the desert were "not in good shape." Yugoslav troops have been confronted with tarred roads like these, which have quite clearly been ploughed up with road-destroying vehicles some 18 miles east of the Canal. The Israeli military sources have

agreed that Egyptian military installations have been destroyed, but have denied that the roads have been damaged. Israeli forces have withdrawn as agreed, but Mrs. Meir, the Israeli Foreign Minister, has sought a real guarantee that the United Nations shall assure Israel's freedom from aggression, freedom of navigation of the Suez Canal and the Gulf of Akaba, and that Egypt shall not again be able to conduct or threaten hostilities from the Sinai bases. Cairo Radio recently said that Egyptian Commando forces had decided to launch a fierce campaign within Israel during the winter.

FROM FAR AND NEAR: ROYAL AND OFFICIAL OCCASIONS; AND A DIMINISHING LAKE.



OPENING BUGANDA'S NEW PARLIAMENT BUILDING IN KAMPALA: H.H. THE KABAKA. THE GOVERNOR OF UGANDA, SIR ANDREW COHEN, IS SEATED (LEFT).



BUILT AT A COST OF NEARLY £250,000: THE NEW BULANGE—THE PARLIAMENT BUILDING AND HEAD-QUARTERS OF THE BUGANDA GOVERNMENT—IN MENGO, KAMPALA.

When the Kabaka of Buganda opened the new Parliament Building—called the Bulange—in Mengo, Kampala, on December 11, he fulfilled a long-standing wish expressed by his father twenty-five years ago. The Bulange houses the Buganda Government offices, and includes the Council Chamber of the Lukiko which legislates for Buganda within the limits of the 1900 and 1955 Agreements. The building and grounds occupy nearly 5 acres. The Bulange has cost the Kabaka's Government nearly £250,000.



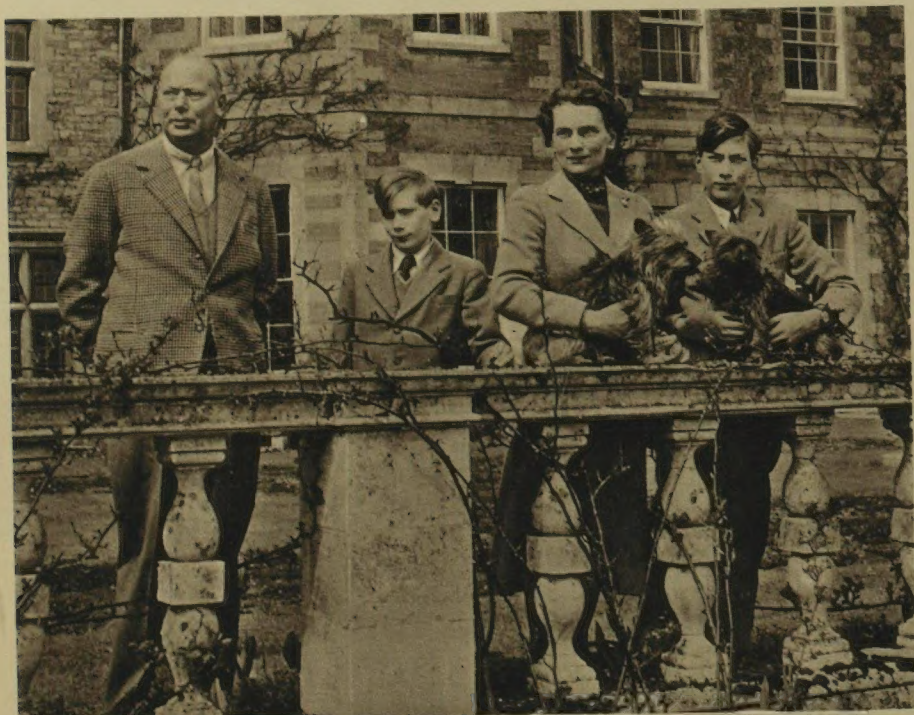
ITALY'S DISAPPEARING LAKE: LAKE TRASIMENO, IN UMBRIA, BY THE SHORES OF WHICH HANNIBAL DEFEATED THE ROMANS IN 217 B.C.

Italy's Lake Trasimeno, in the north-west of Umbria, has a circumference of nearly 28 miles, but it is constantly diminishing because of the formation of peat. As can be seen from this photograph, taken near the village of Passignano, large areas of marshland now surround its shores. The scene of Hannibal's great victory over the Romans in 217 B.C. is by the north shore.



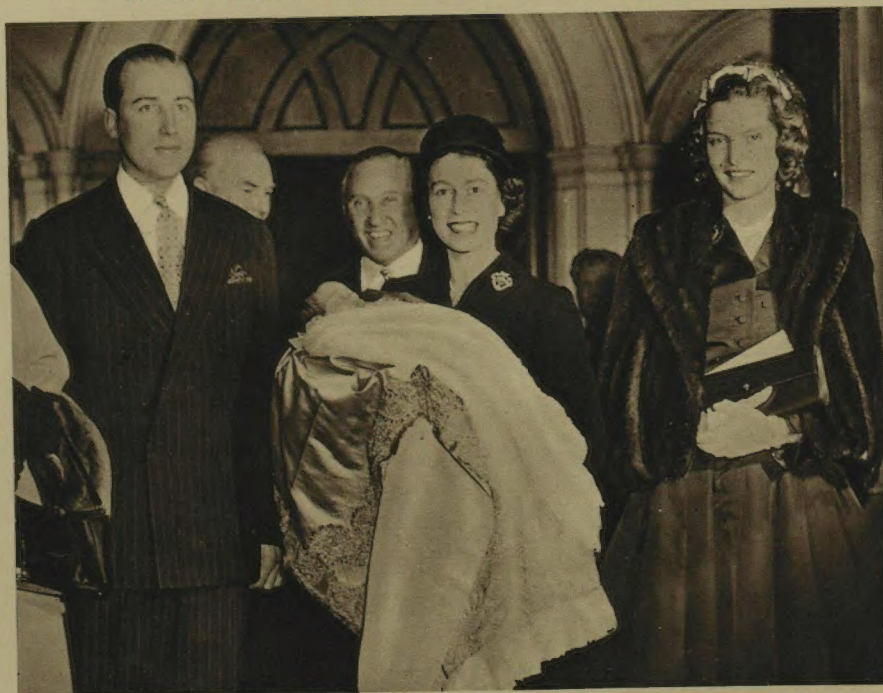
AT THE END OF HIS FIRST VISIT TO MALTA AS SUPREME COMMANDER, ALLIED POWERS IN EUROPE: GENERAL NORSTAD SAYING FAREWELL.

Early in December General Norstad, who recently took over from General Gruenther as Supreme Commander, Allied Powers in Europe, paid a short visit to Malta during which he made a fourteen-hour tour of the island and spoke at a Press conference.



ON THE TERRACE OF BARNWELL MANOR, THEIR HOME NEAR PETERBOROUGH: THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER WITH THEIR TWO SONS.

This family photograph of the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester shows them on the terrace of Barnwell Manor with their two sons, Prince William (right), who was fifteen on December 18, and Prince Richard, who is twelve. The Duchess and Prince William are holding two important members of the family—the Australian terriers.



THE QUEEN AS GODMOTHER: HER MAJESTY HOLDING THE INFANT SON OF LORD AND LADY PORCHESTER AFTER THE CHRISTENING IN LONDON.

On December 12 the Queen was godmother to the infant son of Lord and Lady Porchester (seen here standing on either side of her Majesty) at the christening which took place at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. The child was given the names George Reginald Oliver Molyneux.

PRESERVING THE LAST OF THE CLIPPERS: REFITTING "CUTTY SARK."



IN HER PERMANENT BERTH—A SPECIALLY DESIGNED DRY-DOCK AT GREENWICH: *CUTTY SARK*, WHICH IS BEING REFITTED AND RESTORED.

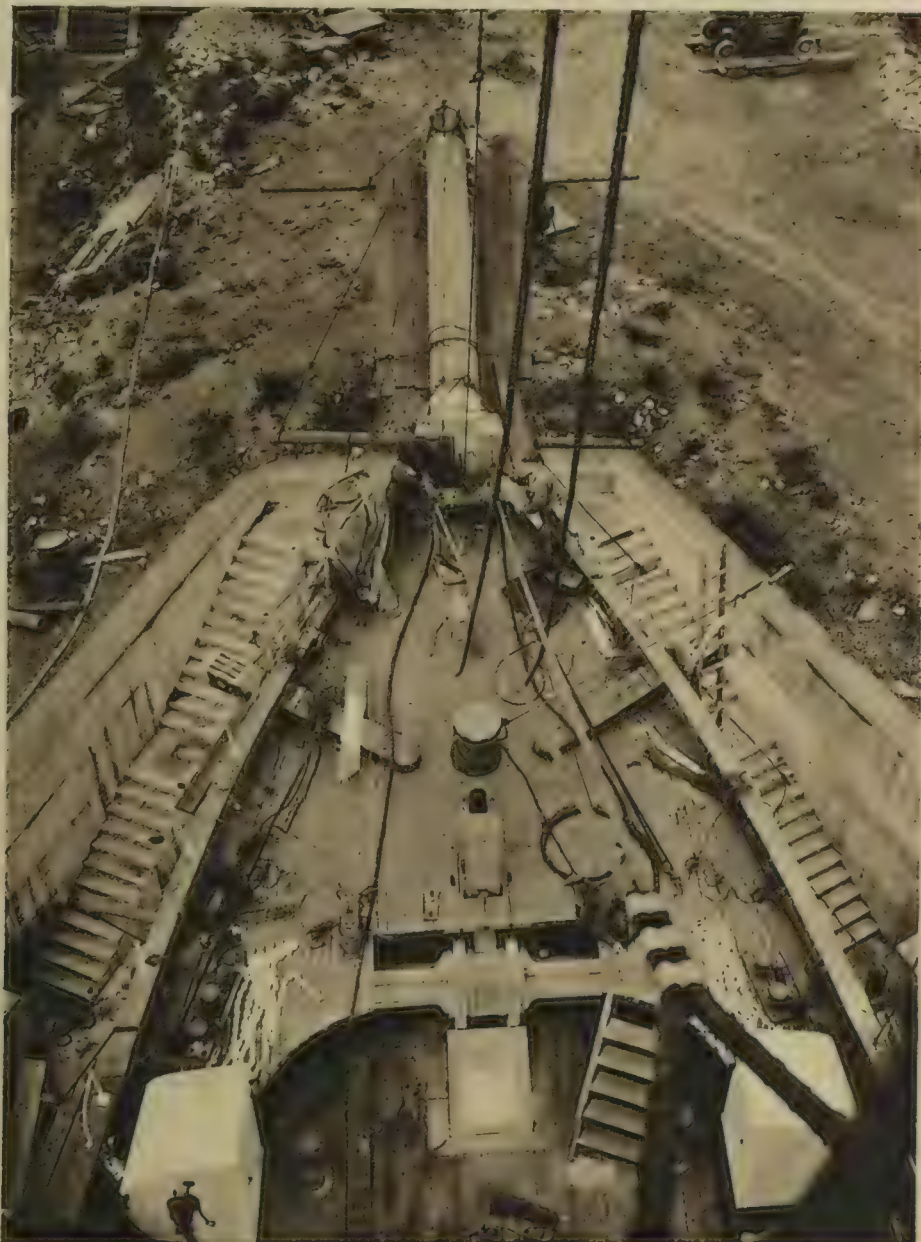


WHERE WORK IS CONTINUING ASPACE: *CUTTY SARK* IN HER DRY-DOCK, WHICH IS TO BE SURROUNDED BY A PAVED PARK AND FLOWER-BEDS.

Cutty Sark, the last and most renowned survivor of the racing clippers of the China tea and Australian wool trades, is being refitted and restored at Greenwich, where she will lie as a permanent memorial to the Merchant Navy. The dry-dock, which is the clipper's permanent berth, has now been completed. Much progress has been made in the refitting of the vessel, and the work of constructing the new lower deck, which will be suitable for exhibition purposes, has been finished. The interior of the clipper is being restored as far as possible to its original appearance when *Cutty Sark* was



IN THE OLD CLIPPER'S LOWER HOLD: A NEW DECK WHICH IS BEING FITTED OUT FOR EXHIBITION PURPOSES WHEN THE SHIP IS OPENED TO THE PUBLIC



LOOKING DOWN ON HER BOWS: *CUTTY SARK*, LAUNCHED IN 1869, AND THE FASTEST SHIP UNDER SAIL IN HER TIME.

launched in 1869. It is hoped to open the ship to the public next June. There is to be a paved park surrounding the dry-dock, with a tree-lined walk and flower-beds. The paving will consist of granite setts, and there will be a broad flight of steps leading up to the vessel. The patron of the *Cutty Sark* Preservation Society is H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh, who has taken a most active interest in the restoration of the clipper. A public appeal for funds to ensure the future of this famous ship was launched on St. George's Day in 1953.

IT is no common thing for a political personality to become an international figure in the course of a day, and for a day at least the most talked-of man in the world. This has been the fate of Mr. Christian Herter. On December 8 it was announced that Mr. Herter, the retiring Governor of Massachusetts, had been nominated by the President of the United States as Under-Secretary of State, to replace Mr. Herbert Hoover, Junr., in February. A very much smaller and better-informed audience had earlier become aware of the importance of Mr. Herter. When it seemed doubtful whether Mr. Dulles would be able to resume his office after his operation, Mr. Herter's name was mentioned as one of three or four from among whom his successor as Secretary of State would be chosen. Americans in this country informed their friends that Mr. Herter would be a very suitable choice.

Since then Mr. Dulles has returned to work, apparently with renewed energy, so that it may be some time before the question of a successor comes up. Even then it is not certain that Mr. Herter will be the man. The name of General Gruenther, just released from his appointment as Supreme Allied Commander, Europe, has also

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

HOPES OF A NEW START.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

consequence of a continuance of this tendency would extend its evils far beyond the countries concerned. Simultaneously with Mr. Herter's appointment, Mr. Dulles arrived in Paris for the meeting of the North Atlantic Council, and it was made known that his programme extended beyond its affairs. He was, in fact, to make an effort to heal the wounds of the alliance.

As regards N.A.T.O., it has been stated that one of the objects of this meeting was to strengthen the bonds uniting the treaty members. This is a pretty vague announcement, but it might include a provision that no action such as that taken by Britain and France in Egypt should be taken in future by any member of N.A.T.O. without prior consultation with other members concerned in the affair. It is to be recalled that the weaknesses of N.A.T.O. had been recognised and come under discussion a long time before the Suez crisis

perhaps even now underestimated. It is proper that these considerations should be made clear, but recriminations at this stage serve no good purpose. To put things right for the future is the task.

The anger of the Right Wing of the British Conservative Party is as easy to understand as the resentment of the United States, but in neither

case is a natural temporary reaction a suitable basis for policy over a long term. For as far ahead as we can see neither the United States nor the United Kingdom, nor for that matter, the United Kingdom and France in combination, can afford to indulge in a purely national foreign policy. It is not only that a solution has to be found for the still unsettled problems of the Middle East, though that is the gigantic task which has to be tackled first. In addition, the terrible warning of the events in Hungary lies behind, and in front stretch the political future of N.A.T.O., the effects of new weapons on its military structure, and the fresh snags met by German rearmament. In all matters the leaders among the free Powers must act in concert.

"But strictly through the United Nations for the future," I may be warned. As a fact, those who have set up as our instructors in this matter do not appear to be well qualified. One in an



TRANSPORTING IRAQ'S OIL TO THE MEDITERRANEAN: A MAP SHOWING THE PIPELINES THROUGH SYRIA, NOW OUT OF USE, AND THE PROPOSED NEW PIPELINE THROUGH TURKEY. (Detail from a map drawn by our Special Artist G. H. Davis, which was reproduced in our issue of November 10.)

The idea of building an oil pipeline from Iraq to the Mediterranean, through Turkey, was referred to recently by the Minister of Fuel and Power, and has received renewed publicity since the destruction by the Syrian Army of three oil-pumping stations in Syria. It is said that the shortest period in which such a pipeline could be built is from four to five years,

and although Turkey, and in particular the Turkish Prime Minister, Mr. Menderes, are in favour of the idea, there are political difficulties involved. A pipeline through Turkey might lead to objections from Syria because of the possible threat to Syrian oil-transit revenues. The subject of oil pipelines from Iraq to the Mediterranean was illustrated in our issue of November 10.

been mentioned in this connection. However, the significance of Mr. Herter's nomination as Under-Secretary of State is that it is universally taken as indicating a change in the outlook and methods of the State Department. Above all, it suggests that the need for a great deal of repair work in international relations has been realised.

The reason is that the new Under-Secretary of State is classed as exceptionally "internationally-minded" and deeply conscious of the importance of the ties between the United States and free Europe. His nomination as Under-Secretary of State is read in the same light as the remarkable speech of the Vice-President of the United States, Mr. Richard Nixon, a few days earlier. Mr. Nixon, who has isolationist strands in his political past, avoided the generalities with which most people in his situation would have contented themselves, and said frankly that he thought there had been faults on the side of the United States, as well as in other quarters, over the Suez Canal crisis.

It was a significant speech. In the same sense the appointment of Mr. Herter stands as a symbol of recognition in the United States that relations between that country, on the one hand, and Britain and France on the other, had been allowed to drift into a state which threatened to become nothing short of disastrous. I wrote on this subject a fortnight ago and tried to show that the

appeared on the scene, and that a number of proposals had already been put forward for remedying them on the political side.

A great deal of nonsense—nonsense not because untrue in itself, but because beside the point—has been talked in this country about the resentment in the United States over the Anglo-French action in Egypt. This has been strong and deep and it is not yet appeared. Politically, however, it hangs almost entirely on one peg—the absence of warning to the United States. This hurt as well as angered the State Department. It is likely to leave personal relations between Sir Anthony Eden and Mr. Dulles somewhat difficult, however well the repair work mentioned above may go. Official America felt at the time that it had been let down by its friends. It has not got over the feeling yet.

On the other hand, as M. Mollet remarked the other day, there would not have been much point in giving advance information about an undertaking which the two countries had every intention of carrying out to a third which would without any doubt have vetoed it immediately. The United States must remember that Britain and France had intended to take action in Egypt much earlier, and had then been prevented from doing so by the United States. The British Government had given way to a pressure, the weight of which is

eminent position tells us that "the first essential thing we must do" is to say: "We obey you. We accept whatever you say." This doctrine of the kow-tow is not, however, in the Charter, nor has the United Nations power to demand the unquestioning obedience which is here by inference attributed to it. Another commentator talks of a "court," but this is the product of his own imagination. By all means let us act through the United Nations, but do not let us pretend that our sole loyalty lies there. That to N.A.T.O., for example, and other pacts continues to exist.

Finally, one profitable result of the crisis and the controversy is that the United States, officially and as regards the public, is far better informed about the value and importance of the Suez Canal than was previously the case. It is now scarcely believable that the United States will fail to exert her influence in favour of that international control which she herself at an early stage of the affair set high among the objects to be attained. It will not be easy to assure, in view of the fact that the Communist and Asian blocs will exert every effort to prevent it, but every effort to attain it should be made. I feel confident that I have been right in saying from the first that if this is gained the bad effects of the crisis will diminish in importance. If it is not gained, we shall have a calamitous future to face.

MINISTERS OF SIX NATIONS AT THE ATLANTIC COUNCIL MEETINGS IN PARIS.



REPRESENTING BRITAIN: MR. SELWYN LLOYD (CENTRE), WITH SIR C. STEEL (LEFT) AND MR. HEAD (RIGHT).



MR. DULLES (CENTRE), WITH MR. HUMPHREY, SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY (LEFT), AND MR. WILSON, SECRETARY OF DEFENCE (RIGHT).



THE GERMAN REPRESENTATIVES: IN THE CENTRE, HERR VON BRENTANO, FOREIGN MINISTER, WITH HERR STRAUSS, WAR MINISTER, ON THE RIGHT.



AT THE OPENING SESSION: M. PINEAU, FRENCH FOREIGN MINISTER, AND M. BOURGES-MAUNOURY, MINISTER OF DEFENCE (RIGHT).



IN THE CHAIR: SIGNOR MARTINO, THE ITALIAN FOREIGN MINISTER, WHO HAS SPOKEN ON DEVELOPING WESTERN EUROPEAN UNION AND ON THE DANGERS OF RUSSIAN PENETRATION IN THE MIDDLE EAST.

The latest series of Atlantic Council meetings began in Paris on Tuesday, December 11. The day before this Mr. Dulles saw both Mr. Selwyn Lloyd and M. Pineau, and Lord Ismay, the Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, issued a warning about Russian intentions. He said that there was need to consider which defence schemes represented the best value for money in these "quick-moving days." On December 11, at the Council meeting, Mr. Dulles surveyed the world situation, and said it was



FORMING A LINK BETWEEN MEMBERS OF THE BAGHDAD PACT AND THOSE OF N.A.T.O.: MR. ADNAN MENDERES, TURKISH PRIME MINISTER (LEFT), AND MR. ETHEM MENDERES, ACTING FOREIGN MINISTER.

vital to maintain N.A.T.O. strength. Signor Martino, Italian Foreign Minister, said the Middle East crisis had shown how serious was the Russian threat in that area. In the evening British and American Ministers met; one of the subjects discussed was the possible reduction of British forces in West Germany. Later that day, the report of the "Three Wise Men" (Mr. Pearson, Canada, Signor Martino, Italy, and Hr. Lange, of Norway), on the extension of N.A.T.O. in non-military fields was discussed.

THE KING FROM WHOM THE HOLY FAMILY FLED.

"THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HEROD THE GREAT." By STEWART PEROWNE.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

PEOPLE are called "The Great" for various and strange reasons. An assembly of them all—Alexander, Herod, Alfred, Charlemagne, Peter, Catherine and Frederick—would be a strange congregation indeed. The more recent of these latter might well be confused about Herod's identity, and justly shy about asking him questions concerning any particular misdeed, misfortune or achievement. As Mr. Perowne says, "For the ordinary reader, the name Herod is little more than a shadowy synonym for Cruelty. Herod was the man who massacred the Innocents of Bethlehem. Herod was also the man (was he the same or another?) before whom Christ appeared for trial and who procured the death of St. John the Baptist, to satisfy the whim of an adulteress. Herod was also surely the name of the king before whom St. Paul appeared at Cæsarea, and who was 'eaten of worms,' and died? Owing to the trying custom of the times whereby sons were constantly called by the same names as their fathers, it is easy to blur all the Herods into one confused picture of crime and punishment. Actually, these were three different men, of three different generations; [I had thought that it was before a fourth Herod that St. Paul appeared, son of the third, who was 'eaten of worms']; but the stigma of cruelty attaches to them all. To distinguish them, posterity has grudgingly, and ironically, conceded the title 'Great' to the founder of the line."

"Even so, very little is known of him," proceeds Mr. Perowne, going on immediately to say, "Yet there is much to be known." The contradiction is more apparent than real: what he really means is that much is recorded about Herod but that little is remembered. I dare say that if one were to ask a random selection of one's non-specialist friends what they thought of Herod's extraction the less learned would probably reply, "Jew, I suppose," and the more learned, contemplating his rather Greek-looking name, would call to mind how Alexander's empire, after his death, was split up amongst his generals and, forgetting some turbulent generations of Jewish history, would remember the Seleucids and the Ptolemies and hazard the guess that Herod was a Greek. As a fact, he was neither Greek nor Jew. He was an Idumean, otherwise an Edomite, otherwise an Ishmaelite: in fact, an Arab. His father had become the "grey eminence" of a native ruler.

The Herodian family became Jewish by religion, but this was not much help on the pathway to the throne. For by tradition the Jews were governed by a theocracy. That great and honest historian, Flavius Josephus, from whom Mr. Perowne derives much of his documentary material, emphasises that in the very first paragraph of his autobiography. "The family," says he, forthrightly, "from which I am derived is not an ignoble one, but hath descended all along from the priests; and as nobility among several people is of a different origin, so with us to be of the sacerdotal dignity is an indication of the splendour of a family. Now, I am not only sprung from a sacerdotal family in general, but from the first of the twenty-four courses . . . I am of the chief family of that course also; nay, further by my mother I am of the royal blood; for the children of Asmoneus, from whom that family was derived, had both the office of the high priesthood and the dignity of a king for a long time together." Even the historian, therefore, had more of a genuine claim to the throne than the able and cunning Arab to whom he devotes an inordinate proportion of his works. Not that the Hasmoneans, or Maccabees, whose blood ran in Josephus' veins, were a very saintly lot. When Herod was born in 73 B.C. the little Judæan principality was ruled by a "pious and capable" woman, who was the first Jewess ever to hold the sceptre and whom Mr. Perowne calls "good

Queen Alexandra." The title sounds tender to English ears, bringing a breath of Rose Day, but when she succeeded as a widow to the throne Mr. Perowne ironically defends her capability if not her piety by asking the rhetorical question: "Had she not disposed with a sure touch of all five sons of Hyrcanus, marrying two, arranging for two to be murdered, and for the fifth to retire into private life?"

Herod was no Jew by race, no priest by profession and no prince by descent. Though he had a great start, in a temporal way, through his father's position it was evident that no Jewish faction—and the Jews, both theologically and politically, were very factious—could be counted on to back his ambition. However willing a man may be to "wade through slaughter to a throne," he cannot do it without backing. Herod realised that the best and only available backing for him was the Roman power.

That he cultivated. When he was driven out of Palestine by a member of the old Dynasty he fled to Rome, made friends with Antony, and returned as Tetrarch of Judæa. The friendship with Antony was genuine as long as it lasted.

penetralia of which he, being no priest, was not allowed to enter) on a scale vastly exceeding Solomon's: it vanished when the Jews, resisting the advice of the fourth Herod, defied the Roman Empire. He built, also, superb palaces all over the place. The expense was prodigious. How did he support it? Mr. Perowne (who, I may add, is familiar with

Jerusalem as it is and as it has been, with the whole history of that Battleground Palestine, and the latest result of archaeological explorations in Jericho and elsewhere) suggests that Herod was a great merchant prince of the old Venetian kind. He had, at Jericho, enormous plantations of the best kinds of date palm and balsam tree. But, more important, he was an *entrepôt* not merely for "all the spices of Arabia," but for the silks and ivories and sandalwood of the Far East. The long trail across Asia was slow and dangerous. And there was no Suez Canal. Herod cashed in.

Herod died in 4 B.C. which, anomalously enough, we must accept as the year of our Lord's birth. His last recorded act is the Massacre of the Innocents. I remember that when I was young, certain free-minded contemporaries of mine thought that that event was mythical. Josephus, who no more suppressed things discreditable to his own people or their leaders than did Thucydides, mentions all sorts of murders, "treasons, stratagems and plots," but does not mention this particular outrage. It seems less fantastic to those of us who have

lived through the last twenty-three years, and Mr. Perowne, though not discussing the evidence, sees no reason to doubt the credibility of the story. "That Herod," says he, "in the awful physical and mental decay into which he had fallen, and in this atmosphere of fervid Messianism, should have ordered the massacre of the Innocents of Bethlehem is wholly in keeping with all we know of him. Bethlehem was but a few miles distant from his palace-fortress of Herodium: there least of all could any subversive cell be tolerated. Such an act was by no means unheard of. In pagan antiquity, the life of a new-born child was at the mercy of its father or of the State. As Abel points out, a few months before the birth of Augustus, a prodigy having presaged the birth of a king for the Roman people, the affrighted Senate decreed that none of the children born that year were to be brought up. Later on, Nero, fearing the consequences of the appearance of a comet, ordered the execution of leading aristocrats of Rome. Their children were driven from the city and died from hunger or poison."

We do not know what Herod looked like: he was probably attractive in youth and repulsive in age: the Jewish religion admitted no graven images on coins, though many of its nominal practitioners don't seem to have taken so much notice of that other prohibition on the Tables of the Law—the ban on murder. The general impression one gets of this man is that he was rather like our own Henry VIII, who also charmed spectators in youth, who shared Herod's taste for power and splendour, who repeated many of Herod's crimes, and would not have shrunk from the last and worst had it suited his book.

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK WHICH IS REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE: MR. STEWART HENRY PEROWNE.

Mr. Stewart Henry Perowne was born in 1901, son of the Bishop of Worcester, and was educated at Haileybury, Corpus Christi, Cambridge, and Harvard University. He has served in the Colonial Service in Galilee, Malta, Aden, Baghdad, Barbados and Cyrenaica. His recreations are the arts, archaeology (he discovered the ancient city of Aziris in 1951) and horses.

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HEROD'S TEMPLE AS RECONSTRUCTED BY DE VOGÜE IN HIS GREAT WORK "LE TEMPLE DE JÉRUSALEM."

The great folio "Le Temple de Jérusalem" was published in 1864, before the field-work of Warren and Wilson, the English pioneer archaeologists. Nearly a century later, it is still regarded by the most eminent scholars as the most authentic study of its subject. Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Life and Times of Herod the Great"; by courtesy of the publishers, Hodder and Stoughton.



SHOWING HEROD'S GREAT TEMPLE-ACROPOLIS, NOW THE HARAM-AL-SHERIF, IN THE CENTRE: A VIEW OF JERUSALEM FROM THE SOUTH. This photograph of Jerusalem from the south shows Herod's great Temple-Acropolis in the centre; it is surmounted by the dome of the Al-Aqsa Mosque, with the larger dome of the Qubbet-al-Sakhra, "Dome of the Rock," to the left. To the east, beyond the Kedron Valley, lie Silwan (Siloam) and the Mount of Olives; to the west, the Tyropean Valley, now largely filled in, and the Upper City.

But Herod always lived up to Chaucer's motto: "I count that mous's wit not worth a leke [modern, "bean"] That hath but one hole for to sterten to." He had resisted the equally calculating Cleopatra's attempts to seduce him, as she had seduced Cæsar and Antony, slid himself into the favour of Augustus (a cold organiser, not easily vamped) and was made, under the Romans, King of Judæa. Thereafter his butcheries, general and particular, were wholesale, a wife and two sons being included.

The one redeeming feature here presented is his magnificence in the planning and execution of architectural design. He rebuilt the temple (the

* "The Life and Times of Herod the Great." By Stewart Perowne. Illustrated. (Hodder and Stoughton; 21s.)

LONDON, MELBOURNE, AND TOKYO: THE OLYMPIC GAMES; AND OTHER ITEMS.



IN THE RESTORED GREAT HALL OF THE CHARTERHOUSE: A VIEW OF THE FIRST FOUNDER'S DAY DINNER TO BE HELD SINCE THE WAR.

The restored Great Hall of the Charterhouse, in the City of London, was the scene on December 12 of the traditional Founder's Day dinner, which was held for the first time since the war. The Archbishop of Canterbury was the guest of honour.



THE PLIGHT OF HUNGARY HAS AROUSED MUCH SYMPATHY IN JAPAN, AND WE SHOW HERE A MONEY-RAISING DRIVE BY THE JAPANESE RED CROSS IN TOKYO—ONE OF SEVERAL RELIEF FUNDS STARTED.



THE FINAL MARCH-PAST OF THE ATHLETES, HEADED BY THE AUSTRALIAN HOSTS, BUT NOT SEPARATED INTO NATIONALITIES, PAST THE FLAGS OF THE NATIONS AT THE CLOSING OF THE GAMES.



THE MAYOR OF MELBOURNE (LEFT) RECEIVES FROM MR. AVERY BRUNDAGE THE SILKEN OLYMPIC FLAG FOR SAFE-KEEPING UNTIL THE ROME GAMES OF 1960.

As reported in our last issue, the 16th Olympic Games ended at Melbourne on December 8, with the youth of the world summoned to reassemble at Rome in 1960. We show here some photographs of the moving closing ceremony, in particular the final march of the athletes, when all marched together, with no formal divisions between nations.



AT THE R.S.P.C.A. CLINIC AT PUTNEY: DR. MAX HEINZ-SY, A GERMAN ORNITHOLOGIST, INSPECTING OIL-COVERED SWANS WHICH HE HELPED TO TREAT. Dr. Max Heinz-Sy, a German ornithologist, flew to this country recently to try to save some of the Thames swans which were seriously injured by drifting oil on December 8 and 9. He has been using a cleansing material which has been successful with seagulls on the German coast.



WITH THE HELP OF AN ASSISTANT: DR. MAX HEINZ-SY TREATING ONE OF THE OIL-FOULED SWANS WITH HIS SPECIAL CLEANSING FLUID.

FROM THE HOME-TOWN OF OUR SAVIOUR: RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES AT NAZARETH—BYZANTINE MOSAIC AND BURGUNDIAN SCULPTURE.



FIG. 1. A PARALLEL WITH THE GROTTA OF THE ANNUNCIATION: A PILLARED ROCK-CUT ROOM RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN NAZARETH.

DR. THEODOR F. MEYSELS, of the *Franciscan Archaeological School*, writes:—

THE recent excavations in Nazareth, connected with the demolition of the seventeenth-century Church of the Annunciation in preparation of the planned construction of a new monumental shrine, have resulted in discoveries, clarifying the proportions of the mediæval and Byzantine churches, proving that this was a residential area in the first century of our era, and most unexpectedly, adding two new specimens to



FIG. 2. ONE OF THE FAMOUS NAZARETH CAPITALS DISCOVERED IN 1907 AND ALMOST CERTAINLY MADE AT VEZELAY IN THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY AND NEVER USED. COMPARE WITH FIG. 3.

Nazareth's unique treasure of Burgundian early Gothic sculpture. The pilgrim, visiting Nazareth in 1956—and for some years to come—will be faced by a very unfamiliar view, when he approaches the site of the most hallowed shrine in Galilee's sacred town. The baroque Church of the Annunciation has completely disappeared. Only a small cube of masonry, covering the entrance to the Grotto, rises within a wide space, pockmarked with excavations, set with the low fragments of earlier walls, and protected by improvised roofs of corrugated iron. However, the results of the excavations are of absorbing interest.

The terrain, west of the foundations of the mediæval and Byzantine churches, was found to be honeycombed by what one could call the negative impression of the Jewish village of Nazareth. There are innumerable rock-cut foundations of little houses, crypts with their stairs, cut into the living rock, and grain-bins with intricate ventilation vents. A basement, supported by two large columns (Fig. 1),

(Continued below.)



FIG. 6. A DETAIL OF THE NAZARETH CAPITAL OF FIG. 2, WHICH ILLUSTRATES THE TREATMENT OF DRAPERIES, SHOWN ALSO IN FIG. 10.

(Continued.) gives an interesting parallel to the two columns in the Grotto of the Annunciation, considered to be a subterranean backroom in the House of Joseph. No traces of ancient burials were found. The excavations have fully determined the plan of the two earlier Churches of the Annunciation, which existed before the now-demolished church was built in the seventeenth century. It has become clear that P. Viaud, excavating in 1907, was mistaken when he ascribed the ruins of the larger church to the Byzantine period. The first sanctuary of Nazareth was a relatively modest shrine, measuring about 18 metres square (Fig. 9). Large traces of Byzantine mosaics were found, belonging to two periods. The most important ones are decorated with crosses (Fig. 5) and must have been laid before the Emperor Theodosius prohibited the use of crosses and Christograms in the ornament of tessellated floors. A comparison of their coarse technique with the intricate beauty of the contemporary Bethlehem mosaics shows that Nazareth was then considered a pilgrim's site of secondary importance. The Crusaders reconstructed the Basilica in the same direction, but on a far larger scale (Fig. 4). Their cathedral was 70 metres long and 30 metres broad. Numerous gigantic columns, used in the mediæval foundations, must

(Continued above, right)



FIG. 3. A MAGNIFICENT AND NEWLY-DISCOVERED NAZARETH CAPITAL, PRESUMABLY INTENTIONALLY DAMAGED BY THE ICONOCLASTIC MAMELUKES OF BEYBAR. COMPARE WITH FIG. 2.

(Continued.)

have originally stood in the Byzantine Atrium (Fig. 7). There was no room for them within the church. The apses of the Byzantine Church were found within the Crusader Church, the mighty choir of which was hared west of the recently demolished church (Fig. 8). Here, the excavators had to cut through the mediæval cemetery of the pilgrims. A number of burials, formed by four limestone slabs, are visible in the escarpment of the excavations. Only some perforated ossuaries, once probably housing

tombs. A large re-used Roman stone-coffin was an isolated instance, once probably housing the body of a traveller of distinction (Fig. 11). The most important find, however, was

another of the famous "Nazareth Capitals" (Fig. 3) and an almost-life-size torso by the same hand (Fig. 10). P. Viaud, sounding north of the old church in 1907, found in a mediæval vault six capitals (Figs. 2 and 3).

(above.) FIG. 4. THE LARGE APSE OF THE CRUSADER BASILICA OF NAZARETH. RECENT EXCAVATIONS REVEAL THAT THE BYZANTINE CHURCH STOOD UNDER THIS IMPRESSIVE BUILDING.



FIG. 7. A NUMBER OF HUGE COLUMN ELEMENTS, WHICH WERE PROBABLY PART OF THE BYZANTINE CHURCH.



FIG. 10. A NEWLY-FOUND ALMOST-LIFE-SIZE TORSO, PERHAPS BY THE SAME SCULPTOR AS THE NAZARETH CAPITALS (SEE FIG. 6). THE DRAPERY HAS AN ALMOST INDIAN SENSUOUSNESS.



FIG. 11. FROM THE NAZARETH MEDIEVAL CEMETERY: A RE-USED ROMAN SARCOPHAGUS, EVIDENTLY THE TOMB OF A PILGRIM OF DISTINCTION, WHO HAD DIED WHILE VISITING NAZARETH.



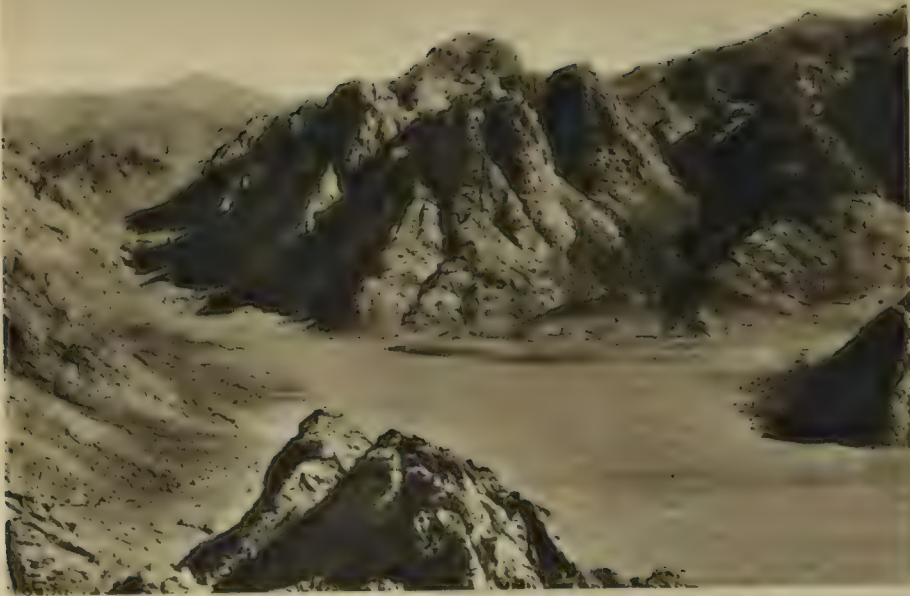
FIG. 8. A COLUMN-BASE OF THE CRUSADER CHURCH, WHICH WAS UNCOVERED IN RECENT EXCAVATIONS OF THE MIGHTY CHOIR OF THE CHURCH.



FIG. 9. THE APSE OF THE NEWLY-UNCOVERED BYZANTINE CHURCH OF NAZARETH. NOW FOUND TO HAVE BEEN A SMALL SHRINE, ONLY ABOUT 191 YARDS SQUARE.

before it was ravaged by Time and Man. Now there emerged from the débris of an adjacent crypt another capital and the almost-life-size torso of what might have been the Angel of an Annunciation group. The two sculptures, in contrast to the 1907 finds, are cruelly mutilated, but of the same freshness of surface which shows that they were never built-in. It would appear that this cache was discovered by the Mamelukes of Beybars, who vented their iconoclastic fury on them. Nobody so far was able to identify the master and to explain how those *chefs d'œuvre* found their way to Palestine. The new discoveries offer research new material, and could give the clue to the riddle presented by the only specimens of French mediæval sculpture ever found so far within the borders of the old Crusader Realm, called *La France d'Oultra Mer*.

THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE: AN ANCIENT FOUNDATION IN SINAI.



GIVING THE SINAI PENINSULA ITS NAME: "MOUNT SINAI" (JEBEL MUSA)—WHERE A TRADITION HAS IT THAT MOSES RECEIVED THE LAW. OTHERS CLAIM THAT MOUNT SERBAL IS THE SITE OF "MOUNT SINAI."



REGARDED AS THE SITE OF AN EARLY SUN-WORSHIPPING CULT: A GROUP OF STELAI NEAR THE MONASTERY.



AN UNUSUAL WAY OF ENTERING THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE: TWO BEDOUIN OPERATING THE LIFT BY WHICH MONKS AND FOOD WERE BROUGHT INTO THE MONASTERY.



THE LIFT IN ACTION: A MONK IS HAULED UP THE MASSIVE MONASTERY WALL IN A FLIMSY WOODEN CAGE.



INSIDE THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE: AN IRREGULAR AND HETEROGENEOUS GROUP OF BUILDINGS ENCLOSED BY A HIGH PROTECTING WALL.



STANDING BESIDE THE BASILICA OF THE MONASTERY: THE FOURTEENTH-CENTURY MOSQUE (LEFT), BUILT TO CONCILIATE THE MOSLEMS AND SIGNIFYING THE PROPITIATORY SPIRIT BETWEEN THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT.

In the brief time at their disposal between the Israeli capture of the Sinai Peninsula and the handing over of the area to United Nations troops, Israeli scholars have eagerly grasped the opportunity of examining some of the antiquities in the area. Professor B. Mazar has led an expedition to the ancient Monastery of St. Catherine, on the slopes of Jebel Mûsâ—a mountain claimed by some as the site of "Mount Sinai." Here they were largely concerned with the examination and photographing of manuscripts in the library of

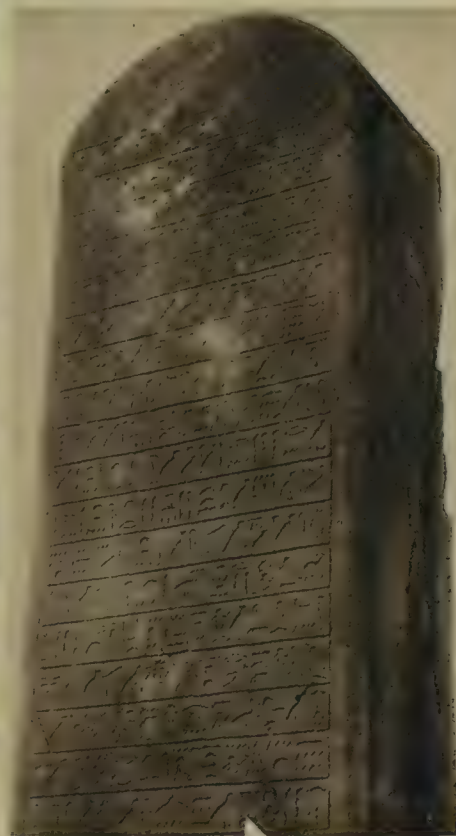
this Greek Orthodox Monastery. It is believed that some of these will be very useful in advancing the knowledge of the historical geography of the Middle East. They included an account of a journey from India to Sinai by a sixth-century traveller, who became a monk of St. Catherine's. A second expedition, under Mr. M. Dothan, deputy director of the Israeli Government Department of Antiquities, worked at the site of the biblical Kadesh-Barnea. Both parties of archæologists and scholars have now returned to Israel.



NESTLING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF THE SINAI PENINSULA: THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE, WHERE A COMMUNITY OF GREEK ORTHODOX MONKS LIVES NEAR THE SPOT WHERE MOSES RECEIVED THE LAW.



AT THE FOOT OF "MOUNT SINAI": A NEGLECTED BURIAL GROUND BELIEVED TO DATE BACK TO THE TIME OF THE CRUSADERS.



NEAR THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE: ONE OF THE STELAE INSCRIBED WITH EGYPTIAN HIEROGLYPHICS.

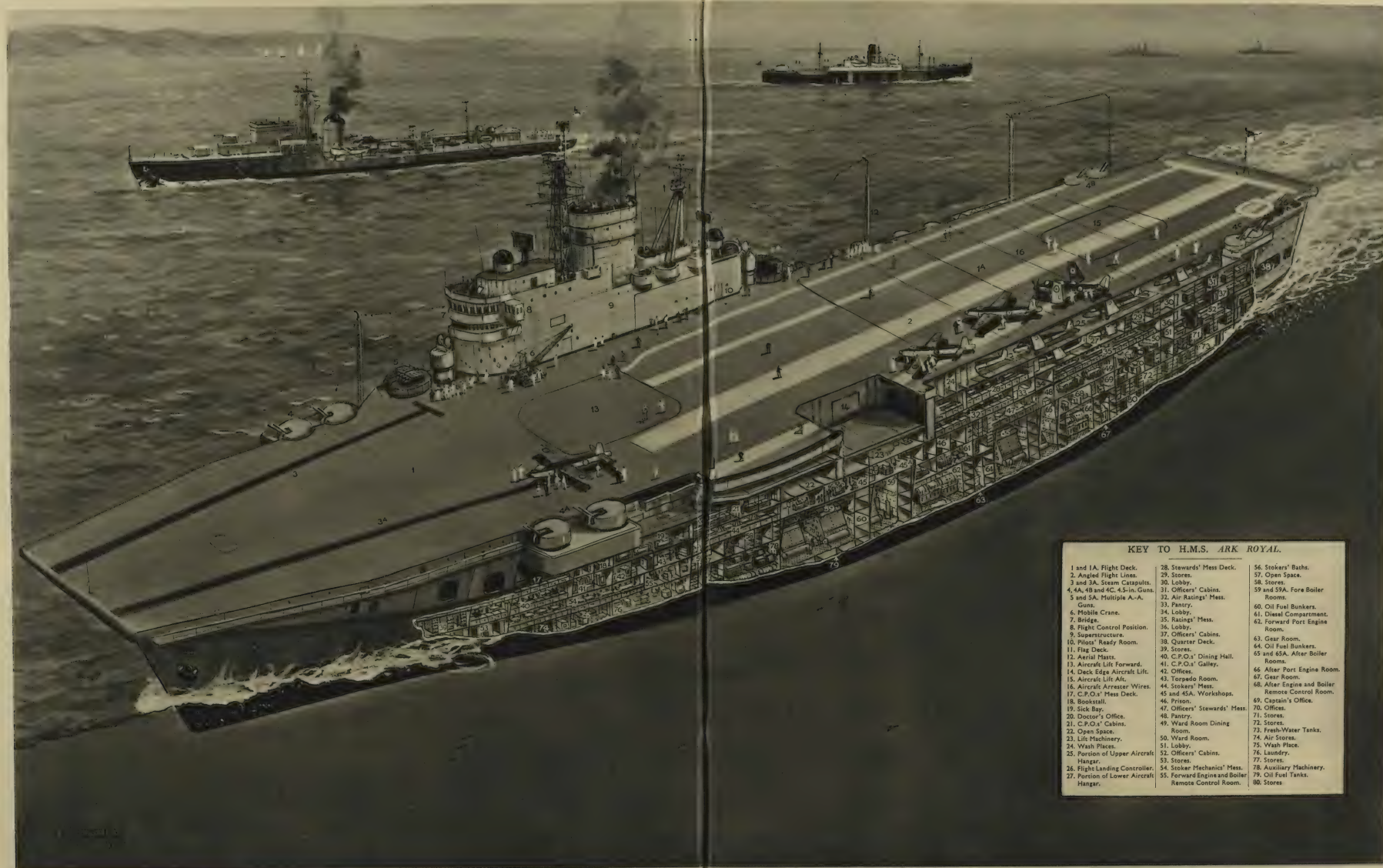


A GRIM GUARD AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE MONASTERY'S BURIAL VAULT: A FULLY DRESSED SKELETON KEEPS WATCH OVER THE BONES OF DECEASED MONKS.

VISITED BY ISRAELI SCHOLARS: THE MONASTERY OF ST. CATHERINE, AND OTHER ANTIQUITIES IN THE SINAI PENINSULA.

In the wake of the Israeli forces which captured the Sinai Peninsula with such rapidity a number of Israeli scholars have taken the opportunity of examining ancient sites and monastic libraries. One expedition has visited the Monastery of St. Catherine, on the granite slopes of Jebel Mûsâ, which is one of the mountains claimed to be the original "Mount Sinai," where Moses

received the law. The Monastery occupies the site of a fort, built by Justinian in A.D. 530, where many monks and anchorites gradually congregated for protection. At one time the Monastery had some 400 inmates, but to-day only about twenty. The Monastery was visited by a party led by Professor B. Mazar, and many photographs were taken of manuscripts in its library.



KEY TO H.M.S. ARK ROYAL.

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------|--|--|
| 1 and 1A, Flight Deck. | 28. Stewards' Mess Deck. | 56. Stokers' Bunks. |
| 2. Angled Flight Lines. | 29. Stores. | 57. Open Space. |
| 3 and 3A. Steam Casapots. | 30. Lobby. | 58. Stores. |
| 4, 4A, 4B and 4C. 4.5-in. Guns. | 31. Officers' Cabins. | 59 and 59A. Fore Boiler Rooms. |
| 5 and 5A. Multiple A-A Guns. | 32. Air Ratings' Mess. | 60. Oil Fuel Bunkers. |
| 6. Mobile Crane. | 33. Pantry. | 61. Diesel Compartment. |
| 7. Bridge. | 34. Lobby. | 62. Forward Port Engine Room. |
| 8. Flight Control Position. | 35. Ratings' Mess. | 63. Gear Room. |
| 9. Superstructure. | 36. Lobby. | 64. Oil Fuel Bunkers. |
| 10. Pilots' Ready Room. | 37. Officers' Cabins. | 65 and 65A. After Boiler Rooms. |
| 11. Flag Deck. | 38. Quarter Deck. | 66. After Port Engine Room. |
| 12. Aerial Mast. | 39. Stores. | 67. Gear Room. |
| 13. Aircraft Lift Forward. | 40. C.P.O.'s Dining Hall. | 68. After Engine and Boiler Remote Control Room. |
| 14. Deck Edge Aircraft Lift. | 41. C.P.O.'s 'Galley'. | 69. Captain's Office. |
| 15. Aircraft Lift Aft. | 42. Offices. | 70. Offices. |
| 16. Aircraft Arrestor Wires. | 43. Torpedo Room. | 71. Stores. |
| 17. C.P.O.'s Mess Deck. | 44. Stokers' Mess. | 72. Stores. |
| 18. Bookstall. | 45 and 45A. Workshops. | 73. Fresh-Water Tanks. |
| 19. Sick Bay. | 46. Prison. | 74. Air Stores. |
| 20. Doctor's Office. | 47. Officers' Stewards' Mess. | 75. Wash Place. |
| 21. C.P.O.'s Cabins. | 48. Pantry. | 76. Laundry. |
| 22. Open Space. | 49. Ward Room Dining Room. | 77. Stores. |
| 23. Lift Machinery. | 50. Ward Room. | 78. Auxiliary Machinery. |
| 24. Wash Places. | 51. Lobby. | 79. Oil Fuel Tanks. |
| 25. Portion of Upper Aircraft Hangar. | 52. Officers' Cabins. | 80. Stores. |
| 26. Flight Landing Controller. | 53. Stores. | |
| 27. Portion of Lower Aircraft Hangar. | 54. Stoker Mechanics' Mess. | |
| | 55. Forward Engine and Boiler Remote Control Room. | |

A CAPITAL SHIP OF THE NAVY OF TO-DAY: H.M.S. ARK ROYAL, ONE OF THE LARGEST AND MOST MODERN AIRCRAFT-CARRIERS IN THE WORLD.

The capital ships of modern navies are aircraft-carriers and not, as formerly, battleships, and the largest and most up-to-date British aircraft-carrier is H.M.S. *Ark Royal*. Aircraft-carriers are required to carry heavier and faster aircraft than ever before, both fighters, and bombers which must be capable of delivering thermo-nuclear bombs deep in enemy territory. Like all other fighting ships, they must also be as independent and as well protected against the effects of atomic explosions as possible. As established naval ports would present such an inviting and easy target, modern fleets are likely to be "based on the high seas" with numerous supply and repair ships to

accompany them; established bases would in war become like "lightning conductors in a thunderstorm." For the first time the Navy Estimates this year listed repair, supply and similar ships under the heading of "Fleet Support and Auxiliaries." Refitting would have to be carried out in various remote harbours, far from the scene of conflict, and one of the topics of discussion at the Commonwealth Prime Ministers' Conference was this subject of naval bases. The carrier *Ark Royal* is believed to be one of the last of the very large carriers to be built. Those of the future are expected to be, like the "Hermes" class, about half the tonnage of the *Ark Royal*. Three

important new developments, which are all British, and which are essential for the landing and launching from carrier decks of the heavier, faster aircraft now in operation, are all incorporated in *Ark Royal*, which went into service last year and is the Navy's most modern carrier. These are the steam catapult, the angled flight-deck and the visual deck-landing aid, and there are many other new refinements installed in the ship also. The new catapult enables heavier aircraft to be launched, and also enables them to be launched across wind and when the carrier is stationary—both great improvements. By angling the flight-deck a few degrees to port the risk of

landing aircraft crashing into those parked forward is reduced, and it is easier, when a pilot misses his landing, to take off again for another attempt. With higher landing speeds, the signals of batmen for landing became inadequate and the visual landing aid, an automatic device dispensing with batmen, has solved this difficulty. A further improvement is the special sealing arrangement which enables the engine rooms to be remote-controlled, allowing the ship to escape from the area of an atomic explosion. The subject of the changing composition of the modern navy was illustrated in diagrammatic drawings in our issues of April 7 and May 12, this year.

Drawn by our Specialist, G. H. Davis, S.M.A.

IN THE HEART OF THE WORLD'S MOST FRAGRANT INDUSTRY: PERFUME-MAKING IN FRANCE'S FAMOUS FLOWER-GROWING CENTRE—AT GRASSE.



WORKING IN THE FIELDS AROUND GRASSE DURING THE FLOWER-PICKING SEASON: A YOUNG JASMINE HARVESTER WHO GATHERS ABOUT 20,000 OF THESE FRAGRANT FLOWERS DAILY.



ADDING JASMINE "ABSOLUTE" TO VATS CONTAINING ALCOHOL AND BASE INGREDIENTS: A PERFUME MAKER AT WORK.

THE history of scent goes back for many hundreds of centuries, though it is not known for certain whether it was first used as a means of disguising other, and less pleasant, odours, or whether from the first it was employed by women in the Eden-old pursuit of alluring men. The high-quality scent of to-day is a complex creation of varied and costly ingredients blended with a skill gained from long experience. The most popular scents are those made from blends of perfumes extracted from flowers, and since the mid-nineteenth-century this industry, or art, has been predominantly French. For the past 100 years at least Grasse, the fashionable Riviera resort which stands on a hillside not far from Cannes, has been the centre of the extraction industry. Until comparatively recently the system employed for extraction was *enfleurage*, which depends upon the absorption of scent by fats. To-day volatile solvents are largely used for extracting the essence from flowers, many leaves, barks and mosses. Large quantities of flowers are placed upon perforated trays in air-tight percolators. The special spirit, known as Essence B, supplied by Shell Berre Petit Couronne Refinery, then circulates through the apertures in the trays, becomes impregnated with the natural scent, and is then drawn off from the bottom of the percolators and pumped into a still where, under vacuum, the essence is distilled, the

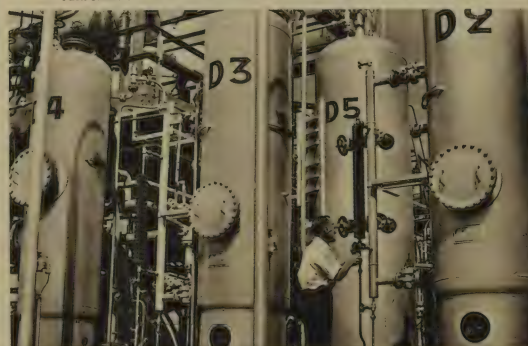
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IN THE HEART OF THE FRENCH PERFUMERY INDUSTRY: THE TOWN OF GRASSE, A FASHIONABLE RIVIERA RESORT WHICH IS FAMOUS FOR ITS FIELDS OF FLOWERS.



AWAITING PROCESSING: 2500 LB. OF JASMINE FLOWERS, FRESH FROM THE FIELDS, IN A GRASSE PERFUMERY. THE FLOWERS HAVE TO BE PICKED BEFORE THE SUN IS HIGH.



AT BERRE L'ETANG REFINERY, NEAR MARSEILLE: A SPECIAL SOLVENT BEING MANUFACTURED FOR USE BY GRASSE PERFUMERIES IN EXTRACTING FLOWER FRAGRANCES.



IN A GRASSE PERFUMERY: A BATTERY OF EXTRACTORS IN WHICH FLOWERS, FRAGRANT ROOTS OR BARK ARE ROTATED IN A SPECIAL SOLVENT WHICH EXORTS THEIR ESSENTIAL OILS. A NUMBER OF SYNTHETIC PERFUMES ARE ALSO PRODUCED.



OBTAINING OIL OF LAVENDER BY A STEAM DISTILLATION PROCESS. BOTH THE STALKS AND THE FLOWER-HEADS ARE PLACED IN LARGE BOILERS FROM WHICH THE VAPOURS PASS TO A COOLER. THE ESSENCE IS THEN SEPARATED FROM THE RESULTING LIQUID.



NEARING THE END OF A LONG AND SKILLED PROCESS: BOTTLING SCENT WITH A PRESSURE-FILLER. THIS OPERATION MUST BE CARRIED OUT IN A ROOM FREE FROM DUST AND DRAUGHTS.



A GIRL WORKER HARVESTING JASMINE. THE SKILLED PICKER CAN GATHER MANY THOUSANDS OF BLOOMS IN A MORNING'S SHIFT.



THE ENFLEURAGE EXTRACTION METHOD: FRESHLY-GATHERED FLOWERS BEING PLACED BY HAND ON TO GLASS WHICH HAS BEEN COATED WITH FAT WHICH ABSORBS THE OILS.

remains at the bottom of the retort. This scent is a thick, syrupy liquid known as "concrete." This "concrete" is then treated with alcohol to remove certain impurities, and after redistillation the "absolute" scent is obtained. The utmost care is necessary when refining Essence B, as the slightest odour would render it unsuitable for the treatment of flowers. The concretes and absolute oils are only part of the ingredients necessary for the making of scents. The scents which are bought in the shops are very complex blends of many of the basic materials produced in Grasse. Absolute flower oil is the most expensive type of perfumery raw material, and in the case of jasmine (which is shown being harvested and processed in some of these photographs) is worth many pounds per ounce, according to the flower crop. The creation of a great scent is a complex business and the perfumer is a specialist with no easy task to perform. It is little wonder that the finished product in its attractive glass bottle and beautiful carton costs a good deal of money. In August this year Grasse and its flower fields narrowly escaped being laid waste by a forest fire which advanced on a six-mile front only a few miles from the town. The heroic efforts of firemen, police, troops and civilian volunteers averted the danger and saved Grasse.

Photographs reproduced by courtesy of "The Shell Magazine."



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

THREE HUNDRED YEARS OF THE PENDULUM.

FROM the moment when, in the year 1582, Galileo watched the lamp swinging in the Cathedral of Pisa, a more accurate measurement of time than had been achieved since man first began to think became a possibility. Galileo himself seems to have designed a clock regulated by a pendulum, but he died in 1642 before attempting a model. His son Vincenzo began its construction in 1649; death intervened before he could finish it. A clock based upon details supplied by Viviani, a friend of Galileo, is supposed to have been made by Treffier, clockmaker to the Grand Duchy of Tuscany, in 1656, but it is generally accepted that the practical application of the principle of the pendulum is due independently to Christiaan

Huygens. We see displayed before us the stages by which, in the course of 300 years, accuracy has been achieved. That triumph was due in great measure to the pioneering work of Huygens. You come away marvelling at man's ingenuity, and—if you are in any way like myself—with a very salutary notion of your own ignorance.

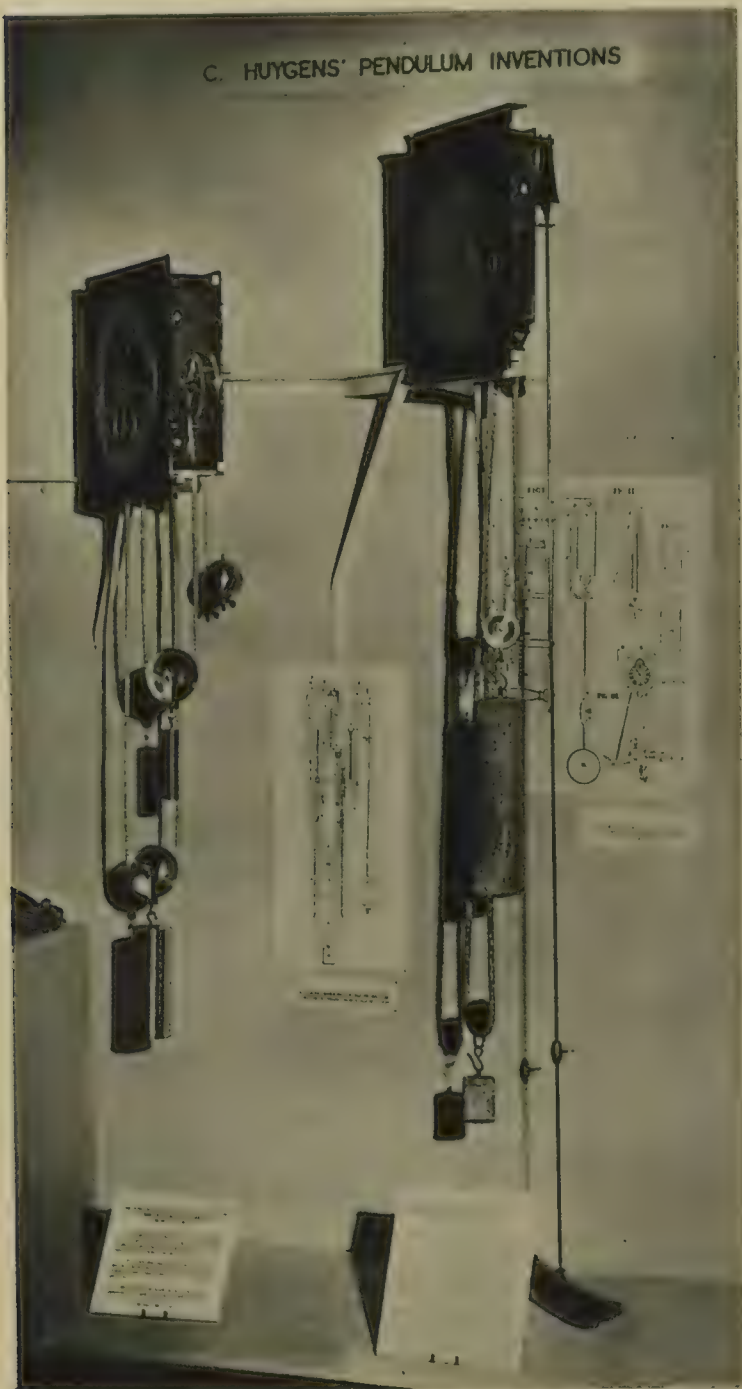
In addition to some notable clocks from before and after Huygens' time, there are models to illustrate the properties of the pendulum and photographs of drawings by Huygens, by Galileo, and of the famous page from Leonardo's notebook, in which he has drawn a pendulum apparently attached to a horizontal verge driven by a crown wheel on a vertical staff. And was Huygens really the first to make a pendulum clock? Not that the point matters, for it was undoubtedly he who made important contributions to the theory and fostered its wide application; but it is as well to remember that one of the exhibits is a small Italian chamber-clock signed Camerini, 1656, belonging to the Science Museum. The catalogue notes: "The clock does not appear to have been converted from foliot or balance and may be an anticipation of Huygens' application." There is also a drawing of a reconstruction of a pendulum clock which Jost Bodeker, Vicar of Osnabruck Cathedral, described in 1587 as having been invented, constructed and installed in the cathedral. No doubt many acute minds had been pondering the problem for generations; had there been no Huygens the honour finally would have gone to some other practically-minded mathematician.

The exhibition begins with a typical pre-pendulum weight-driven clock—what I venture to call a blacksmith's job, for it was the village blacksmith who was called in to repair the village clock and he was the ancestor of the precision instrument-maker of to-day. Then there is the normal English lantern type, in this case by Thomas Knifton, of Lothbury—a standard seventeenth-century pattern in these islands. Next there are two precious loans from the Hessisches Landesmuseum at Cassel—bracket clocks by Burgi, one of the 1580's, the other of the 1590's, and photographs and a diagram of Burgi's masterpiece, the rock-crystal clock in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in Vienna. There is also a bracket clock by Nicholas Radeloff (a pupil of Burgi), lent by Dr. H. van Bertele, driven by a ball descending in a spiral. I confess to a childish pleasure in this device, and, indeed, in the whole of this preliminary section, but time marches on in a severely scientific exhibition, and one has to face the fact that the easy-going days, when to be accurate to half an hour or so was a triumph, were coming to an end. Incidentally, Burgi used wooden cases for the two bracket clocks shown, thus anticipating the English practice by about eighty years.

The oldest of the Huygens pendulum clocks in existence is the one made by Salomon Coster in 1657, preserved in the National Museum for the History of Science at Leyden. The museum has lent to this exhibition a wall timepiece made by Isaac Thuret, of Paris, of about the year 1673, and which possibly belonged to Huygens himself; it has been at Leyden since the early eighteenth century. It was in 1664 that Huygens accepted an invitation to settle in Paris as a member of the Académie des Sciences. He remained there till 1681, publishing various works on mathematics and mechanics, including

the *Horologium Oscillatorium*, by which he is best remembered. He visited London three times, in 1661, 1663—when he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society—and in 1689, when he met Newton. Meanwhile—to go back to his pendulum clock of exactly 300 years ago—he assigned his invention to The Hague clockmaker Coster early in 1657, and later that year—in September—Coster arranged with John Fromanteel, of the London family of that name and of Dutch descent, to come to Holland and work with him until May the following year. John Fromanteel returned to London, and in November 1658 his father, Ahasuerus Fromanteel, was able to advertise the new kind of "Clocks that go exact and keep equaller time than any now made." An eight-day long-case clock by Ahasuerus Fromanteel, in a black ebony case with gilded mounts, the hood with Corinthian columns, is not the least valuable and interesting of the exhibits. Date about 1665.

There has been a good deal of controversy as to the inventor of the anchor escapement which took the place of the verge. Expert opinion now seems to favour the claim of William Clement—if any one man was really responsible for it—as against the cantankerous and brilliant experimenter Robert Hooke, whose diary, with its explosive remarks about Tompion, makes such lively reading. Anyway, there is a nice Clement clock in a marquetry walnut case, with the anchor escapement which allowed the pendulum to swing in a very small arc, and next to it a severely functional George Graham clock representing the next advance—"the dead-beat" escapement which that great clockmaker, Tompion's pupil and partner, invented in 1715, and which remained the standard for precision clocks for nearly 200 years. We then reach our own times with the Dent Regulator made in 1872 for the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, which was the Observatory's main sidereal timepiece until 1925. Other aspects of the problem dealt with, to



EXHIBITS ILLUSTRATING HUYGENS' PENDULUM INVENTIONS: RECONSTRUCTIONS AND DRAWINGS IN THE "TERCENTENARY EXHIBITION OF THE PENDULUM CLOCK OF CHRISTIAAN HUYGENS," WHICH CONTINUES AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM, SOUTH KENSINGTON, UNTIL FEBRUARY 24.

Huygens (1629-1695), second son of the Dutch poet and statesman Constantine Huygens. He made his first clock on the new principle in December 1656, and the Science Museum and The Antiquarian Horological Society are celebrating the tercentenary by an exhibition at the Science Museum which will remain open until February 24 next. It is, naturally, of absorbing interest to all erudite clockmen, but I would urge even those who are not of the elect, and are by no means mathematicians, to visit it, for it is cunningly arranged to enlighten anyone who can use his imagination even if he is baffled by the



A TYPICAL SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GOTHIC PRE-PENDULUM WEIGHT-DRIVEN CLOCK WITH "FOLIOT" BAR, STRIKE AND ALARM: ONE OF THE EARLIEST CLOCKS IN THIS INTERESTING EXHIBITION, FROM WHICH FURTHER EXHIBITS ARE ILLUSTRATED ON THE FACING PAGE. FRANK DAVIS WRITES ABOUT THE EXHIBITION IN HIS ARTICLE THIS WEEK. (Science Museum.)

complete the story, are Temperature and Barometric Compensation. The catalogue, with its introduction by Mr. H. Alan Lloyd, is most informative, and contains in an appendix Dr. C. A. Crommelin's lecture to the Society. This requires a certain amount of mathematical knowledge if it is fully to be appreciated. It is curious that Huygens' later experiments to find a satisfactory marine chronometer were an entire failure, and that the world had to wait so long for our John Harrison to solve the problem.

CLOCKS BEFORE AND AFTER THE PENDULUM.

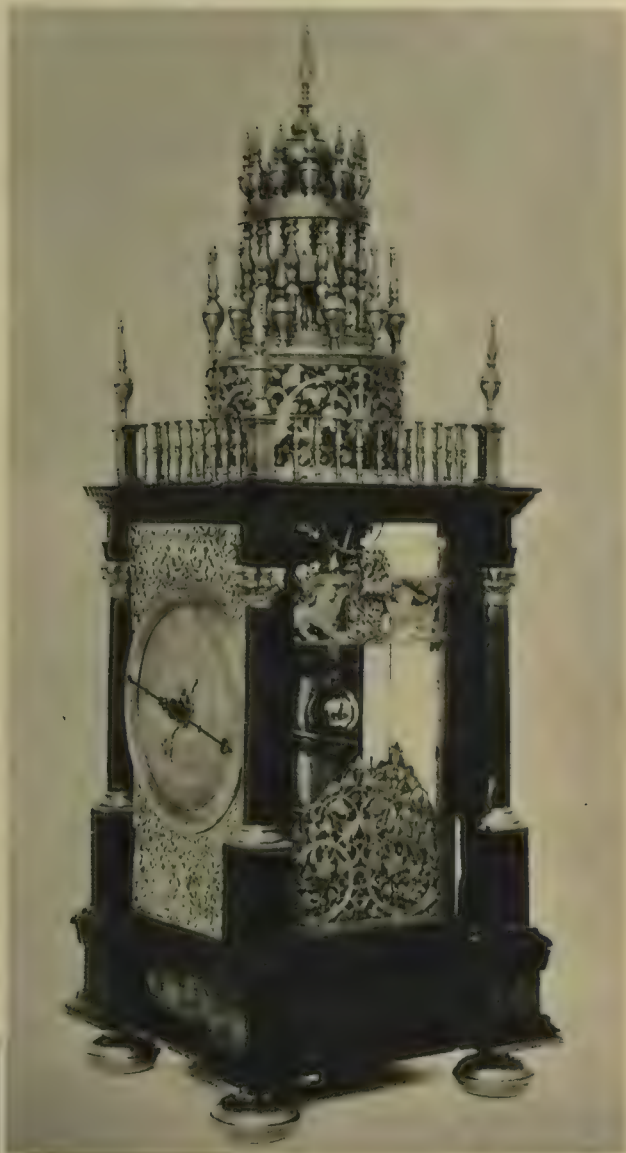
AN EXHIBITION AT THE SCIENCE MUSEUM.



A LANTERN CLOCK BY THOMAS KNIFTON "AT YE CROSS KEYS," LOTHBURY; WEIGHT-DRIVEN AND STRIKING, AND MADE c. 1650. (Science Museum.)



POSSIBLY AN ANTICIPATION OF HUYGENS' APPLICATION: AN ITALIAN CHAMBER-CLOCK MADE BY CAMERINI IN 1656, THAT IS A YEAR BEFORE HUYGENS' PATENT. THE CLOCK IS SPRING-DRIVEN WITH PENDULUM. (Science Museum.)



MADE IN 1654 BY NICHOLAS RADELOFF. A BRACKET CLOCK WITH CONSTANT TORQUE BALL DRIVE AND CROSS-BEAT ESCAPEMENT. (Lent by Dr. H. v. Bertele.)



AN EARLY ENGLISH PENDULUM CLOCK: A BRACKET CLOCK MADE BY JOHN HILDERSON, OF LONDON, IN ABOUT 1665. (Lent by H. Alan Lloyd, Esq.)



AN EXAMPLE OF THE FIRST TYPE OF COMMERCIALY PRODUCED WEIGHT-DRIVEN CLOCK: A LATE SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY "ZAAANLANDSCHE CLOCK"—A TYPE PECULIAR TO HOLLAND. (Private Collection.)



A BRACKET CLOCK MADE IN c. 1675 BY J. VAN CEULEN, ONE OF THE FIRST MAKERS TO MAKE PENDULUM CLOCKS AFTER HUYGENS' DESIGN. (Science Museum.)

A vital step forward in the history of time measurement is commemorated in the "Tercentenary Exhibition of the Pendulum Clock of Christiaan Huygens," which has been organised by the Science Museum and the Antiquarian Horological Society, and is to be seen at the Science Museum until February 24. The Dutch scientist Christiaan Huygens (1629-95) completed his first pendulum clock in December 1656, and a patent for this type of clock was obtained in the following June. Huygens' invention was "the greatest

step forward in the history of time measurement since the invention of the mechanical clock," though, as Mr. Davis points out in his article on the exhibition, there were other clock-makers with similar ideas previous to Huygens' publications. The exhibition at the Science Museum includes a number of clocks made before the invention, a section of reconstructions and drawings illustrating Huygens' developments and a selection of early pendulum clocks from several European countries.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



AMONG the trees and shrubs I found in my Cotswold garden when I came to it some ten years ago were a number of elders (*Sambucus nigra*). I say they were

here—and, alas, they still are. My feelings about elders in the garden are mixed, but chiefly hostile.

Ever since I have owned these particular trees I have been intending to convert them into firewood, but it is one of those jobs which have managed to get themselves put off and put off, year after year, until now, instead of my owning them and the garden, it would seem that it is they who own the garden. Never was such fecundity as prevails among my elders. The whole garden swarms with young elders—strange contradiction of terms, young elders. Perhaps it would be more apt to say that the garden swarms with youngers, or, more simply still, with seedling elders. They spring up at all times all over the place—in the beds and borders, in the paths, in my stone trough rock gardens, and most tiresome of all, in the gutters of the house, and it happens that my house is a ridiculously tall one. It looks more like a Normandy chateau than a Cotswold farmhouse. Once, sometimes twice, a year an intrepid fellow has to go up the longest ladder ever to clear the gutters of promising young elder bushes.

It is the blackbirds, I think, who are chiefly responsible for this lavish and promiscuous distribution of elder seeds. They gorge themselves with the luscious-looking black berries, and nature does the rest. One of their most annoying tricks, after one of their elderberry orgies, is to go and pass the remainder of the day—and not only the remainder of the day—sitting on the clothes-line. As a result, towels, pillow-cases and other snow-whites come in looking like the old familiar advertisement of Stephens Ink.

No, the common elder is clearly not a tree to have in the garden. The profuse crop of flat, creamy-white flower-heads is handsome enough; but, personally, I dislike the smell—due, I think, to some deep-down association of ideas which I can not pinpoint. It is a curious thing, therefore, that flowers whose smell is disliked apparently by most people should be capable of imparting a most delicious flavour of muscat grapes. I remember enjoying muscat water ices at a summer wedding. So good were they that I made it my business to approach the famous London firm who had done the catering, hoping to discover the source of that muscat flavour. Quite naturally, they made it their business not to give away a trade secret. Certainly it was not derived from real muscat grapes. I discovered later that elder flowers were the explanation. And I have read recipes for making elder-muscat jelly, with gooseberries as a basis. Once, at tea in a friend's house, I was given muscat jelly. But apparently something had gone wrong in the making. Perhaps too little elder flowers. It tasted of gooseberry and nothing else.

Then, too, I have read that in France they put layers of elder flowers among apples, to which they impart an agreeable odour and flavour like muscatel. But elder flowers, we are told, are fatal to turkeys. I wonder. There seems to be

THE ELDERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

no end to the uses, and the abuses, to which *Sambucus nigra* can be, or has been, put, and no end to the bizarre virtues that the old herbalists attributed to the elder. "The leaves, when bruised, if worn in the hat, or rubbed on the face, will prevent flies settling on the person. Likewise turnips, cabbages, fruit trees or corn, if

whipped with the branches of green leaves of elder, will gain an immunity from all depredations of blight; but moths are fond of the blossom." The

vision of some feather-bed farmer setting out to whip his 40-acre field of barley with the green leaves and branches of elder is a truly beautiful one. Hippocrates says—but was there anything that Hippocrates would not say? And was there any malady too unmentionable to be mentioned, or too grim to be cured by the use of elder—or any other herb that happened to have a rank or pungent odour—according to the old herbalists?

Fernie tells us that "a capital wine, which may well pass for Frontignac, is commonly made from the fresh berries, with rasins, sugar, and spices. When well brewed, and three years old, it constitutes English port." Opinions on this point differ. Thus Cobbett said that a cup of mulled elder wine, served with nutmeg and sippets of toast, just before going to bed on a cold wintry night "is a thing to be run for," whilst on the other hand Douglas Jerrold once, at a well-known tavern, ordered a bottle of port wine which should be "old, but not elder."

All the elder berries in my garden were finished by the birds many weeks ago, but I noticed that in hedges far from human congregation, where bird elder-addicts were less numerous than in the villages, the elder bushes were still fully laden with berries. The bunches hung, flaccid, wilted and pendulous, looking like so many black kid gloves, sodden and hung out to dry.

No, the common elder is not a shrub to have in the garden, unless you happen to like its heavy odour. If you admire the showy umbels of blossom, but at the same time dislike their smell, the best plan will be to grow the super-form of the Canadian elder, *Sambucus canadensis maxima*, which in effect is our native elder with enormous scentless flower-heads up to 18 ins. across. It flowers some weeks later than *S. nigra* and the best way to see it at its best is to stool it down each winter to within 2 or 3 ft. of the ground. When treated rough in this way it responds by throwing up exceptionally strong growth, with extra-large leaves and truly magnificent flower-heads.

Two varieties of our common elder are recorded with semi-double flowers, which sounds interesting! *Sambucus nigra plena* has a double row of petals of the normal creamy-white, and *S. n. rosea plena* a double row of rosy-coloured petals. If the rosy one sets seeds, it might be possible to raise a fully double-flowered form, which could be trusted not to produce berries. That should be a well-worth-while shrub. There are a good many varieties of elder in cultivation with gold- or silver-variegated foliage, or with differently-shaped leaves, all of which have their admirers—or otherwise.

What a pity it is that the scarlet-berried elder, *Sambucus racemosa*, does not fruit more freely and more often in this country. Laden with its bunches of brilliant, glossy, scarlet fruit it is a grand sight in the Alps, and occasionally in Scotland. But it can not be relied upon to perform well in England.



"THE BEST PLAN WILL BE TO GROW THE SUPER-FORM OF THE CANADIAN ELDER, *SAMBUCUS CANADENSIS MAXIMA*."

This robust form of the Canadian elder has large leaves, a foot to 18 ins. long; and the flower-heads are often as much as 18 ins. across. It has the great advantage, for those who dislike the oppressive scent of elder, of being scentless. Mr. Elliott recommends that it should be cut back hard each winter to produce its finest showing. [Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.]

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A GIFT that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1957 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas.

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ROBERT BEVAN, GAUDIER-BRZESKA AND GRIMSHAW: LONDON EXHIBITIONS.



"THE COURTYARD, POLAND—1904"; IN THE EXHIBITION OF THE WORK OF ROBERT BEVAN (1865-1925) AT THE ARTS COUNCIL GALLERIES, 4, ST. JAMES'S SQUARE. ONE OF THE WORKS LENT BY THE FAMILY OF THE ARTIST. (Oil on canvas; 21½ by 27 ins.)



"SHOWING THE PACES, ALDRIDGE'S—c. 1913"; ONE OF BEVAN'S SERIES OF PAINTINGS OF CAB YARDS AND HORSE SALES. THIS EXHIBITION CONTINUES UNTIL JANUARY 19. (Oil on canvas; 19½ by 23½ ins.)

ROBERT BEVAN was born in Hove in 1865, the son of a banker. After leisurely studies at various art schools, he worked in Tangier and then in Brittany, where he was in the company of Gauguin at Pont Aven. He drew inspiration from a number of his great French contemporaries, and was an original member of both the Camden Town Group and the London Group. Also at 4, St. James's Square is an interesting exhibition of sculpture, pastels and drawings by Henri Gaudier-Brzeska, who was killed in 1915 at the age of twenty-three. This most gifted and prolific artist spent three years of his brief working life as a sculptor in this country. The thirty-one paintings by Atkinson Grimshaw at Arthur Jeffress illustrate convincingly this artist's ability in rendering "the poetry of the night."



"SELF-PORTRAIT, 1913"; IN THE GAUDIER-BRZESKA EXHIBITION AT THE ARTS COUNCIL GALLERIES. (Pastel; 20½ by 14½ ins.) (Southampton Art Gallery.)



"THE WRESTLER, 1913"; A POWERFUL SCULPTURE BY GAUDIER-BRZESKA (1891-1915), WHO SPENT SOME YEARS IN LONDON. (Lead; Height 25½ ins.) (Leeds City Art Gallery.)



"HEAD"; ONE OF THE IMPRESSIVE SELECTION OF DRAWINGS IN THE GAUDIER-BRZESKA EXHIBITION, WHICH ALSO CONTINUES UNTIL JAN. 19. (Conté crayon; 13 by 9½ ins.) (Victoria and Albert Museum.)



"PICCADILLY BY NIGHT—1885"; IN THE EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY ATKINSON GRIMSHAW (1836-93), WHICH CONTINUES AT ARTHUR JEFFRESS, 28, DAVIES STREET, UNTIL JANUARY 11. (Oil on canvas; 30 by 25 ins.)



"RAINY NIGHT—1881," BY ATKINSON GRIMSHAW, WHO HAS BEEN DESCRIBED AS "A SELF-TAUGHT PRE-RAPHAELITE" AND PAINTED CHIEFLY NIGHT SCENES SUCH AS THIS. (Oil on board; 18 by 13 ins.)



"FLEET STREET, 7 P.M.—1886." GRIMSHAW WAS BORN IN LEEDS, AND THE LEEDS MUSEUM POSSESSES A NUMBER OF HIS PAINTINGS. HIS WORK WAS MUCH COLLECTED IN AUSTRALIA. (Oil on canvas; 29 by 24 ins.)



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE tiger is probably the most beautiful of the big cats; but its black stripes on a ground colour of rufous yellow were not designed to please the human eye nor to decorate a skin that would be desirable as a rug. Their function is to conceal the beast as it lies asleep amidst the brush or the reeds, where the sun casts narrow shadows. Thus far, we have a paraphrase of the generally-accepted idea as expressed in one book after another. When we say that the tiger's stripes serve for concealment we imply, and I feel sure that this is what most people think, that in the long grass or reeds of the tropics the ground colour of the skin harmonises with the brownish vegetation of those regions and that the black stripes match the shadows it casts. It is, however, difficult to reconcile this deeply-rooted notion with the facts.

There are a number of good colour films now in existence showing wild tigers in such vegetation. All I have been privileged to see show tall green grass and through this, whether the tiger is still or whether it is moving, not only is the animal not concealed, but its colours actually contrast strongly with the surrounding vegetation. If tigers became extinct to-morrow and these films were all that future generations had to judge by, they would find it difficult to accept this idea of the concealment effect of the tiger's pelt.

The stay-at-home naturalist, like myself, must draw his knowledge and base his ideas upon such evidence as this, and it is always possible for the camera to be misleading. Even so, the other source of knowledge—namely, the literature—seems to support the impression gained from such films. Let us take the possibility, as I have already stated it, that the pattern on a tiger's skin serves to conceal it while it is asleep. Against which enemies does it need to conceal itself? A tiger is, on average, about the size of a lion, 9 to 9½ ft. in length and weighing 400 lb. to 500 lb. These dimensions are for the male, the tigress being a foot or so less and weighing about 100 lb. less. The male lion may be 400 lb. to 550 lb. and commonly measures 9 ft. in length, records of 10 ft. being almost certainly due to stretching of the skin during curing.

The name "tiger" is of Persian origin and appears to be derived or related to the ancient word for arrow, in allusion, it seems, to the animal's swiftness in movement. The size, the weight, the speed of movement and its reputation for a greater ferocity than any other of the carnivores suggest an animal having little need of concealment, for man and beast are likely to give it a wide berth or approach it with considerable circumspection. In practice, it is almost certainly the case that the recumbent tiger's scent will disclose its presence, to all but the decadent human nostrils, before the animal itself is seen. Another argument against the concealment idea is that, unlike the lion, which prefers open country, tigers usually keep to the thickest jungle. If we take the view, on the other hand, that the pattern of the coat gives concealment

TIGERS AND THEIR STRIPES.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

when stalking prey, then we have to reconcile this with the fact that, again according to the reliable literature, tigers hunt principally at night.

The tiger has always been closely associated with India and tends to be regarded as a characteristic animal of that region. The reputation of the Bengal tiger, moreover, is world-wide. Certainly, tigers are still plentiful in India and

Peninsula . . . the islands of Sumatra and Java, but not, it is said, Borneo." It is comforting to find that so distinguished a writer was also not too sure of his data. He also states that it is unknown on the plateau of Tibet "and equally unknown in Afghanistan and Baluchistan, as well as in that portion of Persia lying to the south of the Elburz Mountains." This apparent digression to consider the geographical distribution is, in fact, appropriate to the theme with which we started. Whatever may be the precise limits of the range of *Felis tigris* to-day, it extended until recently, at least,

over the greater part of Asia. There is, however, one significant exception: that it is not known, nor ever has been known, in Ceylon, whereas most Indian mammals are found on both sides of the strait separating Ceylon from India. By contrast, as Lydekker has shown, it is found in the Malay Peninsula and, also, the islands to the south of it. These two facts are taken as an indication that it is a comparatively recent immigrant into Southern India, subsequent to the separation of Ceylon from the southern tip of that peninsula. From this and other evidence there seems to be little doubt that the popular idea of the tiger being a tropical animal is erroneous, and that it spread from the north into India and Malaya. Tigers are in fact intolerant of great heat and their obvious discomfort from this, alone suggests a northern ancestry. So we find them seeking dense shade to escape the heat of the day, or lying in water during the hottest periods. Incidentally, they are good swimmers, often found in reedy swamps by the big rivers, and have been known to swim long distances to hunt on estuarine islands. Although they tend to inhabit the jungle, they will not normally climb trees, but some have been known to do so.

Although we speak of "the tiger," there are many races, differing in size, length of coat and pattern of stripes. Indian tigers are short-haired and richly-coloured. Those from Malaya are smaller. The tigers of Siberia and Manchuria are large, with thick shaggy coats. The Caucasian and Persian race is of medium size and is characterised by the very full development of the striping. Within a single race, or even within a litter, the amount of striping may vary considerably. If, then, the coat has a value as camouflage it must be incidental, and operative only in certain conditions. Furthermore, if we assume that the tiger originated in northern Asia, the pattern of stripes must have been ill-adapted to conditions in its ancestral habitat. It could be argued that the

striped pattern itself is of recent development, and in response to a change in habitat. Such an argument would be difficult to sustain. In addition, we have the fact that the cubs are striped like the parents, which is in contrast to the condition found in lions, where the cubs are spotted, while the coat of the adult is without a pattern. Whatever else may be the significance of these things, there is a fairly clear indication that the striping of the tiger is not a recent development.



LOOKING AS APPROACHABLE AS A DOMESTIC CAT: A TIGER CUB IN WHICH THE BEAUTY OF THE GROWN ANIMAL CAN BE CLEARLY SEEN. THE FEROCITY OF THE ADULT IS ABSENT AND TIGER CUBS TAKEN YOUNG ENOUGH CAN BE EASILY TAMED.



PLAYING TOGETHER LIKE KITTENS: TIGER CUBS ENJOYING A FRIENDLY ROUGH-AND-TUMBLE. TIGER LITTERS NUMBER TWO TO THREE CUBS, AND SOMETIMES AS MANY AS SIX. THE YOUNG ANIMALS ARE STRIPED LIKE THEIR PARENTS, WITH WHOM THEY STAY UNTIL THEY ARE TWO YEARS OLD.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

Malaya, but they are also found in Manchuria and Siberia. Indeed, one of the best-known paintings, that by Kuhnert, is of a tiger and a tigress in the snow-clad wastes of Siberia. In our modern world, events move fast for man and beast alike, so that one is never quite sure how far a particular species may have been exterminated in any given part of its range. Writing in 1910, Lydekker gave the range of *Felis tigris* as Mongolia "southwards through China to Burma, Siam and the Malay

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE DEATH OF FINLAND'S FORMER PRESIDENT: MR. PAASIKIVI.

Mr. Paasikivi, who was a venerated national figure in Finland and was President until the elections of February this year, died on December 14 at the age of eighty-six. Mr. Paasikivi was Finnish Minister in Moscow after the peace treaty of 1940. In 1944 he became Prime Minister and in 1946 became President. His policy was one of friendly relations with Russia.



DISTINGUISHED ADMINISTRATOR AND BROADCASTER: THE LATE SIR A. GRIMBLE.

Sir Arthur Grimble, who had a distinguished career in the Colonial Service and who more recently became well known as an amusing raconteur on the radio, died at the age of sixty-eight on December 12. Sir Arthur Grimble joined the Colonial Service in 1914. From 1942-48 he was Governor and C-in-C. of the Windward Islands. After retiring he gave many successful broadcasts.



PRESIDENT-ELECT OF SWITZERLAND: HERR HANS STREULI.

On December 13 the two Chambers of the Swiss Parliament met jointly and elected Federal Councillor Hans Streuli as President of the Confederation for 1957. Herr Streuli, the Radical chief of the Finance Department, has been a member of the Zürich Government since 1935. The Vice-President will be Federal Councillor Thomas Holenstein.



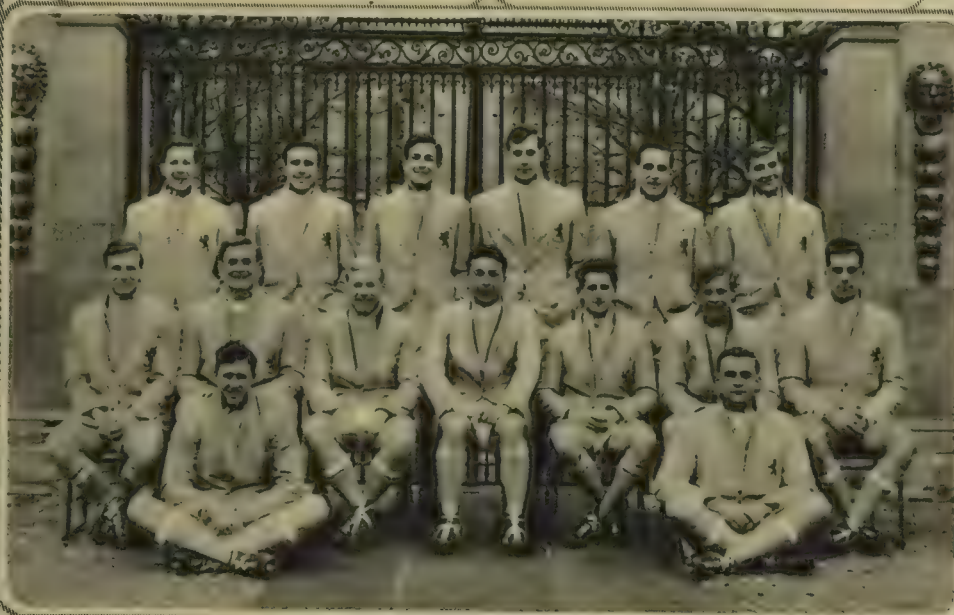
APPOINTED SECRETARY-GENERAL OF N.A.T.O.: M. SPAAK.

It was announced on December 14 that M. Paul-Henri Spaak, the Belgian Minister for Foreign Affairs, had been appointed Secretary-General of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation in succession to Lord Ismay. He has been Chairman of the Council for European Recovery from 1948, and was Chairman of the International Council of the European Movement, 1950-55.



ON A VISIT TO LONDON: MR. LIM YEW HOCK.

On December 10 Mr. Lim Yew Hock, Chief Minister in Singapore, arrived in London for talks in preparation for a conference next year on full self-government for the colony. At a Press conference, he discussed the strong action which had been taken against Communist subversive organisations in Singapore.



WINNERS OF THE UNIVERSITY RUGBY MATCH: THE VICTORIOUS CAMBRIDGE XV WHO DEFEATED OXFORD BY 14 TO 9 POINTS AT TWICKENHAM ON DECEMBER 11.

At Twickenham on Tuesday, December 11, Cambridge defeated Oxford in the annual Rugby match by 14 pts. to 9 pts. Cambridge scored early in the game and succeeded in keeping their lead. The members of the Cambridge XV are: (left to right, standing) G. Windsor Lewis (The Leys and Trinity Hall), J. P. Horrocks-Taylor (Heath G.S. and St. John's), J. L. F. Allan (Rugby and St. John's), B. R. Loveday (Beckenham and Downing), J. A. Turner (Rydal and Clare), J. F. Wainwright (King Edward VI, Birmingham, and Selwyn). Sitting: A. A. Mulligan (Gresham's and Magdalene), R. W. D. Marques (Tonbridge and Queens'), W. J. Downey (Sedbergh and Emmanuel), A. J. Herbert; captain (Marling and St. Catharine's), A. F. Barter (Cardiff H.S. and Emmanuel), A. R. Smith (Kirkcudbright and Caius), R. P. Boggan (Oundle and Clare). On ground: D. E. S. Millard (Diocesan College, South Africa, and St. Catharine's), W. M. Patterson (Stowe and Queens').



CAPTURED IN PORT SAID: 2ND LIEUT. A. G. MOORHOUSE.

On December 11 Egyptians captured 2nd Lieutenant A. G. Moorhouse of the West Yorkshire Regiment while he was making a reconnaissance alone in Port Said. The area was immediately cordoned off and an extensive search begun, but at the time of writing 2nd Lieut. Moorhouse had not been found.



A MEDICAL MISSIONARY IN INDIA: THE LATE DAME EDITH BROWN.

Dame Edith Mary Brown died in Kashmir on December 6 at the age of ninety-two. She was a pioneer in the training of Indian women doctors and midwives in modern Western methods. She was founder and for a long time Principal of a medical college for women and also founded a hospital.



A PROMINENT ROLE IN THE MIDDLE EAST: COLONEL SARRAJ OF SYRIA.

It has been reported that Colonel Sarraj, a Syrian army officer, has great power which amounts to a virtual dictatorship. It is also reported that the Syrian Army is receiving arms and equipment from Russia. Colonel Sarraj has been blamed for the blowing up of the oil pipeline in Syria.



AWARDED THE NOBEL CHEMISTRY PRIZE: SIR CYRIL HINSHELWOOD.

Sir Cyril Hinshelwood has been awarded, jointly with the Russian scientist, Professor Nikolai Semenov, the Nobel Prize for Chemistry for 1956, and was presented with his prize at Stockholm on December 10 by King Gustaf VI Adolf.



VISITING SINAI: GENERAL BURNS (LEFT) WITH HIS DEPUTY COMMANDER (FOREGROUND) AND THE YUGOSLAV COMMANDER (RIGHT).

On December 9 General Burns, Commander of the United Nations Emergency Force, visited the Sinai Peninsula, accompanied by Colonel Moe, of Norway, in the foreground, and, seen on General Burns' left, Colonel Rodocovic, commander of the Yugoslav contingent.



L.T.A. PRESIDENT RETIRES: LORD TEMPLEWOOD.

After twenty-five years' service as President of the Lawn Tennis Association, Lord Templewood has retired. He becomes an Honorary Life President and is succeeded by the Duke of Devonshire. On December 13, in London, Lord Templewood was presented with a portrait of himself, by A. Davidson-Houston.



AT LOW TIDE: ATLANTIC GREY SEALS BASKING ON THE ROCKS OF GRASSHOLM. THESE SEALS HAVE INCREASED FROM ONE IN 1890 TO 120 THIS YEAR.

CAN YOU COUNT THE GANNETS ON GRASSHOLM?—THE FIRST CENSUS OF A GANNETRY BY MEANS OF AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE first census of a gannetry by aerial photographs has been made by naturalists R. M. Lockley and John Radford. Mr. R. M. Lockley writes: "Flying slowly over the remote Pembrokeshire island of Grassholm in Radford's *Auster* aircraft, on a calm September day, we were close enough to take a series of panoramas which when enlarged and linked up enabled us to count each individual gannet standing on its hummock nest over the three acres of the colony. The total of nests so occupied was 10,550—which is more than double the figure of the only other photographic census [from land and sea, which was made in 1933, by Lockley and Salmon, and showed 4750 nests]. Altogether the

(Continued below, left)

(Continued)
census showed 14,300 gannets on the island; of these nearly 4000 were not at the nesting sites, but resting near by, or flying overhead; these were off-duty, or immature birds. Gannets have increased because man has largely given up taking these fat, goose-like birds for food, and because there is still an abundant supply of coarse fish (such as pollack, mackerel, herring, gurnard and garfish) swimming close to the ocean surface, upon which gannets dive spectacularly when feeding. A thousand years ago, before men travelled the sea so extensively,

(Continued below)



(Above.) ON GRASSHOLM: AN ADULT GANNET IN THE ATTITUDE ADOPTED WHEN ABOUT TO TAKE FLIGHT FROM A CROWDED COLONY.



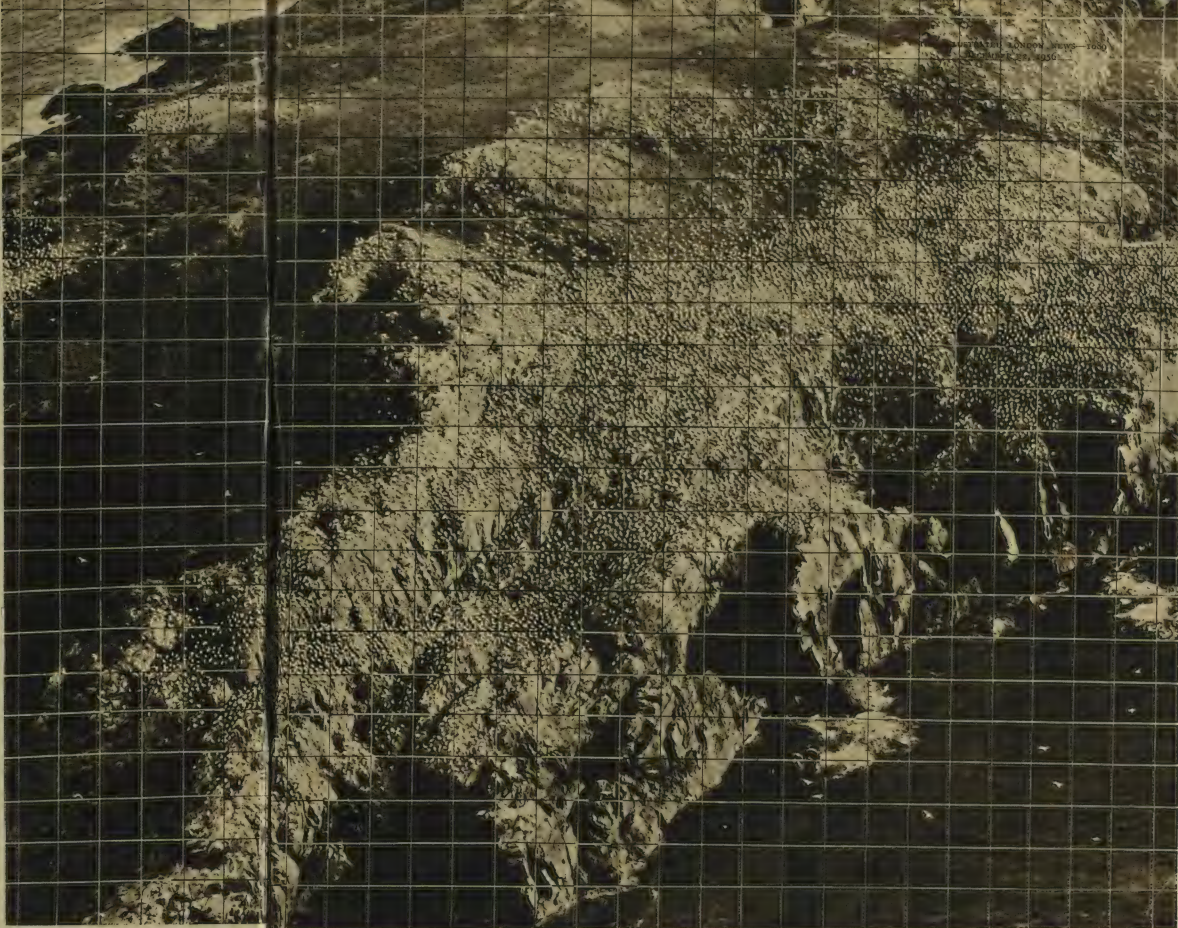
PROBABLY DATING FROM THE IRON AGE AND USED TO HERD TOGETHER YOUNG GANNETS FOR SLAUGHTER: THE REMAINS OF AN ANCIENT STONE-WALLED ENCLOSURE ON GRASSHOLM.

(Continued)
gannets were probably even more abundant. To-day it is estimated that there are approximately 100,000 mated pairs of the North Atlantic Gannet (*Sula basirostris*) in the world. Grassholm is only 22 acres, and is waterless and uninhabited. It is mentioned under its Welsh name *Gwalas* in the Welsh fairy-tale book the 'Mabinogion', of eleventh-century origin. At that time possibly its white crown of gannets, set upon an emerald green shore which rises on the horizon on clear summer mornings, and vanishes in mist, gave colour to the belief that it was the inaccessible marble temple or valhalla of the legendary princes.

(Continued opposite)



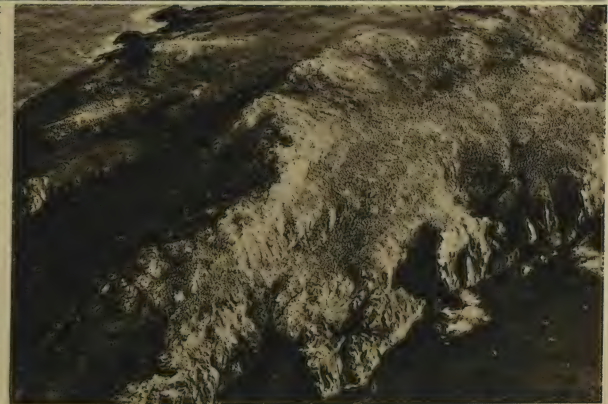
A YOUNG GANNET, NEARLY MATURE BUT UNABLE TO FLY. AT THIS AGE THEY ARE FAT AND DELICATE-EATING AND WERE ONCE SLAUGHTERED FOR FOOD.



(Above.) COUNTING THE GANNETS ON GRASSHOLM WITH A GRID: THIS PHOTOGRAPH, MUCH ENLARGED, WAS RULED INTO HALF-INCH NUMBERED SQUARES AND EACH SQUARE WAS THEN CAREFULLY COUNTED. (Right.) THE SAME AREA OF GRASSHOLM AS SHOWN ABOVE, BUT WITHOUT THE GRID. THE AERIAL CENSUS SHOWED SOME 10,550 OCCUPIED NESTS.

(Continued)
princes and chieftains of Wales. There are no signs of the palaces of these fabulous people, but as a result of the gannets spreading over new ground on the island lately, the remains of a very ancient stone-walled enclosure have been revealed by the guano which has killed the grass covering the stones. This enclosure was evidently a corral for herding the young gannets for slaughter when they were fat and helpless in the autumn. Its presence indicates that at one time, perhaps in the Iron Age, the gannetry was large, even larger than it is to-day. But by the time the first naturalists visited it in 1883 only about twenty gannet nests could be counted. Egg-collectors were active, and the gannet was still used for food and for fishermen's bait; and it was unprotected by law. Fifty years later, under the protection of new owners of the island, and the new Wild Birds Protection Acts, the figure was up to about 5000. Now it is 10,000. At the same time, the herd of Atlantic grey seals frequenting the island has swollen from one seal seen in 1890 to a herd of 120 in 1956. The island now belongs to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and is warded by the West Wales Field Society.

Photographs by R. M. Lockley and John Radford.



THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

TELL ME A STORY.

By J. C. TREWIN.

MR. COLIN WILSON—and I think his statement deserves the amplest publicity—is reported to have said, during a "brains trust" in North London, that he regards "King Lear" as "a rubbishy play." Among my long, deep thoughts, after I had read this observation, it occurred to me—putting the thing at its simplest—that no one had ever told poor Mr. Wilson a story. No one had ever got him into a corner and tried to stem his fidgets by beginning: "Once upon a time there was a King who had three daughters."

It is a symptom of this restless age that its March-of-Intellect boys—as Southey called them—have little time for story-telling, for the narrator's craft. They prefer agonies of mental strife, characters who think in contorted reef-knots, or who are else conscientiously symbolic. All I felt about the stage's angriest and most self-pitying young man, on seeing the play again recently, was that he would have been much relieved if he had been allowed to break something: a lot of china, perhaps, like Florrie Small in Charles McEvoy's much better piece, "The Likes of 'Er'."

I find it odd that we seldom see a play praised for its narrative gift. Many playgoers still like, unashamedly, to be told a story, to have an "untrammelled dramatic performance" (a description of the Dickens readings). Twice within the last few weeks I have heard Emlyn Williams in his protean performances—once as Dickens, once as Dylan Thomas—and again I have learned how master story-tellers can hold their public. Some of us who, at present, are bored by the very name of Brecht, can see that behind that parade of tricks, about which there has been so much tired gush, lurked a simple story-teller who was desperately afraid of being mistaken for one.

My bother with the two plays I have just seen is not that their authors despised plotting, but that they lacked the gift of telling a tale. If it is objected that one of the plays is a puzzle, and needs complicated treatment, I have to say mildly that a puzzle need not be glum. There are ways of telling a story, and these authors, Dorothy and Campbell Christie, have managed expertly elsewhere. (What, in its line, could have been better than "Carrington, V.C."?)

I will return to the new piece, "The Touch of Fear." At present I am thinking about an older dramatist, a classic. William Congreve made hay of his plot in "The Way of the World." Arnold Bennett wrote after the first night at Hammersmith: "I have seen two rehearsals and the performance of this play, and still do not know what the plot is, nor have I met anybody who does know." For myself, I have mastered the plot by now, after reasonably long experience. It is possible to enjoy the prose rhythms without asking what in the name of reason these characters are doing. But many people have not reached this state of felicity; and some who, in any event, lack a taste for the Restoration style, are rebellious almost from curtain-rise.

I have no intention whatever of condemning John Clements's sensitive revival at the Saville Theatre. The company has to fight against its author's sluggishness of narration, and the knowledge that unsympathetic listeners are fighting as well. Moreover, this, of all comedies, belongs in modern record to one artist. Millamant (not a very big part) made Dame Edith Evans's name more than thirty years ago. Eight years ago she played the aunt, Wishfort, as finely as she had played the niece. She is the voice of the Restoration. At the Saville Theatre, Kay Hammond, that porcelain figurine, has now in effect to fight both the memory of Dame Edith's Millamant and a certain unconscious

antagonism to the author. She has also to face those who are not charmed by her highly individual voice, that pouting bubble-coo as though Millamant were speaking from a dove-cote. Personally, it charms me. I dare say that by now the general pace is more animated than it was on the first night; but even then, I would have thought, all must have marked the interplay in the scene when Mirabell, kneeling by Millamant and looking into her eyes, manages to find all manner of romantic overtones for his final list of matrimonial provisos. ("O horrid provisos!" purrs Millamant, "... I hate your odious provisos.")



"SHE LOOKS NOW LIKE ONE OF THOSE PORTENTOUS DECORATED BALLOONS OF THE CLASSIC PERIOD": MARGARET RUTHERFORD AS LADY WISHFORT AND ANNE LEON AS FOIBLE IN A SCENE FROM "THE WAY OF THE WORLD" (SAVILLE).



"THE COMPANY HAS TO FIGHT AGAINST ITS AUTHOR'S SLUGGISHNESS OF NARRATION": "THE WAY OF THE WORLD," SHOWING A SCENE FROM CONGREVE'S PLAY WITH (L. TO R.) WITWOUND (REGINALD BECKWITH); MINCING (ROSALIND KNIGHT); MILLAMANT (KAY HAMMOND); MRS. FAINALL (VALERIE HANSON) AND MIRABELL (JOHN CLEMENTS).

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

- "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE" (Old Vic).—Robert Helpmann as Shylock. (December 11.)
- "MRS. GIBBONS' BOYS" (Westminster).—American comedy. (December 11.)
- "THE COUNTRY WIFE" (Royal Court).—Another Restoration revival. (December 12.)
- "WHO CARES?" (Fortune).—Basil Dean returns to direction. (December 13.)
- "THESE FOOLISH KINGS" (Victoria Palace).—The Crazy Gang. (December 18.)
- "THE BRIDE AND THE BACHELOR" (Duchess).—Cicely Courtneidge in a straight part. (December 19.)
- "DICK WHITTINGTON" (Palace).—With George Formby. (December 19.)
- "THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN" (Arts).—Tom Taylor's period piece. (December 20.)

Margaret Rutherford's Wishfort is not the full-scale harridan that Margaret Yarde once made of the woman, and she has not the Evans mingling of blaze-and-bleat. But do put comparisons aside. It is an extremely comic performance, much funnier and firmer than it was at Hammersmith a few years ago in a pink-sugar mode. She looks now like one of those portentous decorated balloons of the Classic period. And I suggest that objectors go again to listen to the precise timing in that first scene with the maid, Peg. Hear Wishfort as she says: "Why dost thou not bring thy thimble?" when the girl administers cherry brandy.

There is a lot to see at the Saville: the Doris Zinkeisen settings (she decorated the 1924 revival for Nigel Playfair); the way in which Margaretta Scott's Mrs. Marwood—the part is a terror for any actress—takes the stage, Reginald Beckwith's marmalade-cat Witwoud, Douglas Wilmer's flaunt as Fainall. The trouble here, for many people, is (I am sure) simply Congreve himself, a master of artificial prose who, in this play, has no idea how to order his narrative: there is far too much of it.

History witnesses. Sir Nigel Playfair, in his "Story of the Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith," records that the Evans-Lorraine revival of 1924 was "the first real success the play has ever had, except in the golden opinions of critics." Playfair added: "You will readily see that in attempting to produce it again, I had far greater need of faith than in the case of 'The Beggar's Opera,' for whereas 'The Beggar's Opera' never failed to make the fortunes of all who handled it, 'The Way of the World,' in spite of the eulogies of the critics, had never failed to lead to bankruptcy. This I put down largely to its extremely complicated action—a jungle of passionless intrigues—which an ordinary audience finds hard to follow; and what an ordinary audience finds hard to follow it rejects altogether."

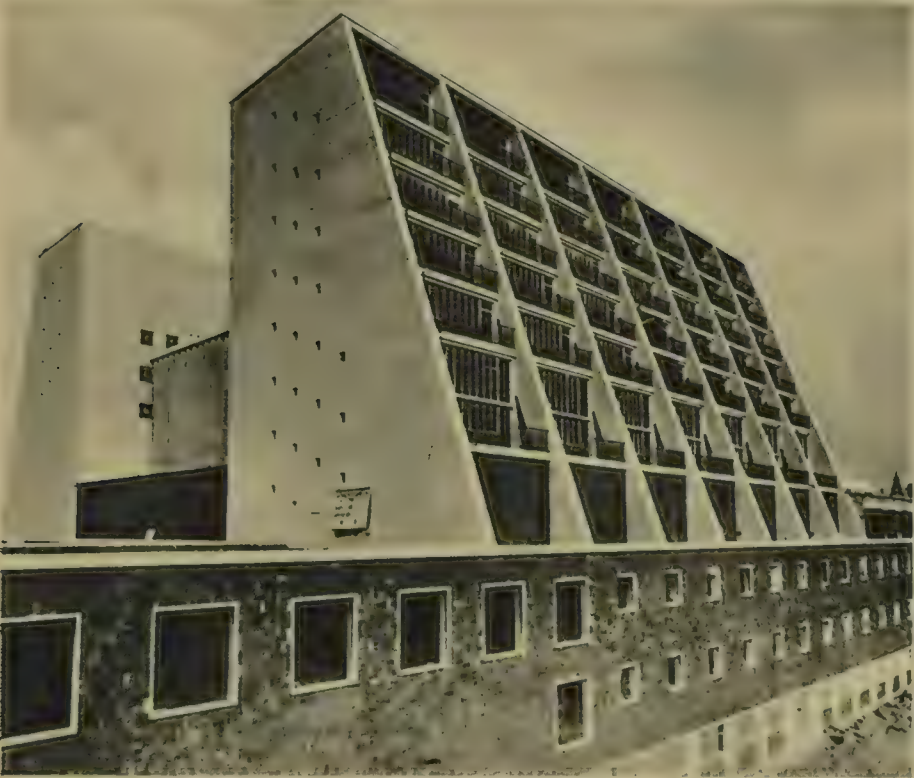
He goes on to say that, in his production, he fantastically the comedy. It was a famous night—I met the comedy only at the Wyndham's Theatre revival five years later—and since then the glory of Evans and Playfair has dimmed all restorations. No London production since 1929 has had any real success (there have been three of them, excluding the present revival). I am certainly not going to blame Mr. Clements—who has had a splendid Saville year—for trying again and for letting me (at least) have much unexpected pleasure. I suggest that visitors to the Saville should read the text, if possible, before they go, and that they should close their ears to any kind of comparison in the Tchegovian manner of "Here lies Trigorin. He was a charming writer, but not so good as Turgenev."

I am much out of step this week because I could not get excited over "The Touch of Fear" at the Aldwych. For our benefit, Dorothy and Campbell Christie arrange for a young woman to be strangled in the summer-house of a highly agreeable property in Buckinghamshire. I was sorry when a play that had seemed likely to be a study of a young man's repression by his father turned into a murder-puzzle, though I did reflect that so endearing an actor as Nicholas Hannen was hardly in the

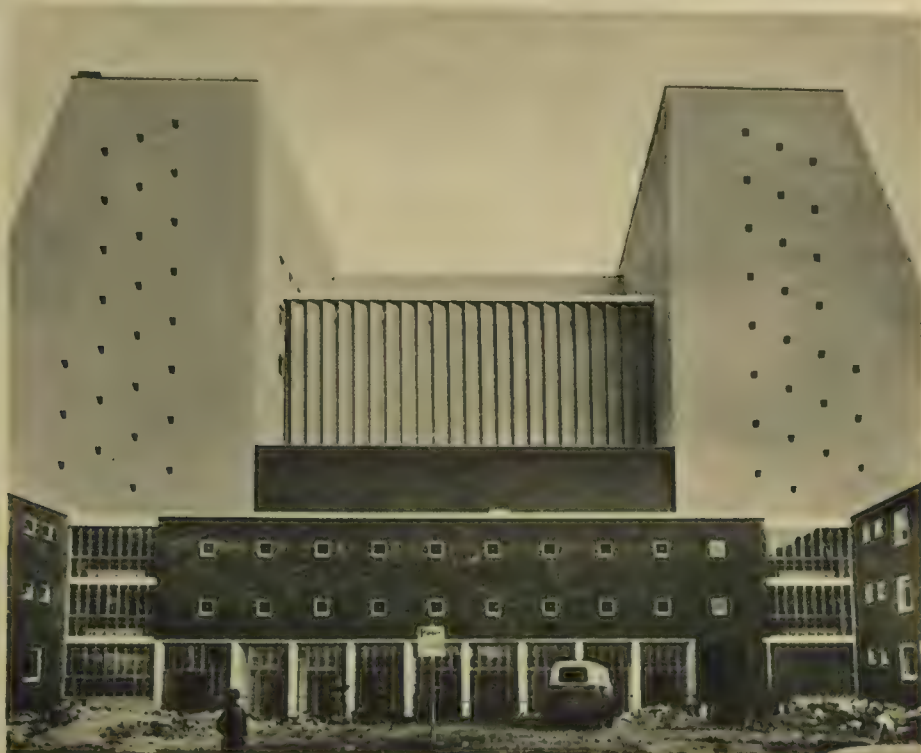
mould of a domestic tyrant. When the night moved to body-work, the piece became plot-bound—the wrong way of telling a story—emerging only now and again for such an actor as Victor Maddern, as a gardener, to give a genuine study of character, a true personage.

Here, then, are (for me) two plots that do not work: two plays strangled by their own ingenuity. But I go on waiting to be told a story. Better too much plot than nothing at all. One day, I imagine, someone may even revive that "rubbishy" piece, "King Lear."

A NEW OPERA HOUSE ABROAD; OPERA, CAROLS, AND POETRY AT HOME.



A STRIKING BUILDING NEARING COMPLETION IN COLOGNE: THE NEW OPERA HOUSE (SEEN FROM THE SOUTH), WHICH WILL SEAT 1300.



PROBABLY TO BE OPENED IN MAY: THE NEW OPERA HOUSE IN COLOGNE, SEEN FROM THE FRONT. THE ARCHITECT IS WILHELM RIPHAHN. Much work has been done in Cologne to replace and reconstruct many buildings destroyed in the war. One of the most striking of the modern buildings in course of construction is the new opera house, which is probably to be opened in May.



A FIRST STAGE PERFORMANCE IN ENGLAND: A SCENE IN JANÁČEK'S OPERA, "JENUFA," WHICH IS TO BE SEEN AT THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.



A MOMENT OF RECONCILIATION IN THE OPERA: JENUFA (AMY SHUARD) RECONCILES HER FIANCE, LÁCA (JOHN LANIGAN; LEFT), WITH HER FORMER LOVER, STEVÁ (EDGAR EVANS), WHILE THE LATTER'S FIANCEE, KAROLKA (MARIE COLLIER), LOOKS ON.

On December 10 the peasant opera, "Jenufa," by the Czech composer, Leos Janáček, received its first English stage performance at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. This stirring opera had first been performed at Brno in 1904.



"THE NATIVITY": ONE OF THE TWENTY TABLEAUX AT THE ANNUAL CAROL SERVICE AT LOWTHER COLLEGE, NEAR RHYL, THE WELSH PUBLIC SCHOOL FOR GIRLS. THE SERVICE WAS TO BE HELD ON DECEMBER 15 AND 16.



PROVING HERSELF ON T.V.: NINE-YEAR-OLD MINOU DROUET—THE YOUNG FRENCH POETESS—BEING INTERVIEWED BY RICHARD DIMBLEBY. On December 10, in the weekly B.B.C. Television programme "Panorama," Minou Drouet—the nine-year-old poetess from Paris—was asked to write a poem on "London." At the end of the programme her poem was translated and read.

A LITTLE CREATURE WHOSE NEAREST RELATIVE IS THE ELEPHANT—THE TREE-HYRAX OF NIGERIA—AS A WONDERFUL PET.

By JOAN M. BRUCE-CHWATT.

I SWORE that I'd never have another tree-bear; I swore that I would never have another pet. But when a man appeared at the door carrying a canvas bag that wriggled, and when I peeped inside and saw two tiny baby tree-bears . . . I was lost. For 8s. they were mine.

These little "bears," their real name is *Dendrohyrax dorsalis sylvestris*, are, of course, not bears at all; nor are they rodents, although they are often mistakenly thought to be so. In fact, their nearest relative is the elephant. Our two belonged to the tree variety; the other kind being the rock-hyrax, the coney of the Bible or the dassie of South Africa.

They must have been about three weeks old when I got them and they weighed about 10 ozs. each. I fed them frequently on warm, diluted milk from a pipette and they thrived and grew fat and greedy. Hyraxes are notoriously difficult to rear, and I feel sure that this success, after other tragic failures, was due to two things: keeping them on nothing but milk for several weeks and not caging them. Fortunately we had a small loggia in which they could be shut up, and as this was full of packing-cases, they were able to climb about freely and make their own choice of sleeping place until they were well established. They were weaned at about two months, and thereafter fed themselves on leaves in the garden, supplemented with fruit and frequent drinks of milk.

Unfortunately they also developed appetites for everything and anything with a cellulose content, and after eating a large quantity of paper, the little male developed a prolapsed rectum from which he died. This left us with the female, who came to be called *Bearsie* or often just plain *Bear*. At first *Bearsie* pined for her little brother and refused to drink her milk, until I got down on my knees and made lapping noises over the saucer, at the same time playing the "shoving game" which they had always indulged in over their milk. This worked wonderfully, and soon she was sucking and snorting and sneezing greedily and drinking as fast as she could. She continued to do well and soon grew as fat as butter, weighing 5½ lb. at nearly a year old and measuring 18 ins. from the tip of her nose to where her tail would have been had she had one.

At six months she lost her soft, silky baby coat, which was replaced by a much harsher, darker, glossier one. The dorsal gland, at first marked by a few yellowish hairs, was later surrounded by a thick growth of pure white hairs. When alarmed, she would fan out these hairs to expose the hairless gland which then excreted a few drops of straw-coloured fluid, which appeared, to us, to

be quite odourless. Her coat always had a fragrance of new-mown hay, or even, at times, that of an expensive fur.

At six months she also lost her milk teeth, and the tusks which she then grew were exceedingly sharp, as we soon discovered when she nipped us in play. Her method of eating a leaf was curious; she would start at one end, holding the leaf in her back teeth, and would work her way along the edge, the leaf travelling across her mouth like a mouth-organ played by invisible hands. As she reached the end, she reversed the action of her teeth and the leaf travelled back and forth until it was eaten. She seemed to have no preference for young and juicy leaves, but ate the old dried-up ones with equal relish. She loved flowers and seemed to think that the vases in the house were filled specially for her. Roses were her favourites. At breakfast she always sat on the arm of the chair waiting for

her paw-paw, toast and marmalade and coffee. Coffee was her ruling passion and she became quite frantic if it was withheld for even a few seconds. Her after-dinner coffee had to come from my cup and she

occasion, the sleeves of two woollen cardigans. Scientific papers, bank statements and carbon paper all went down well. We became tidier than we had ever been before, but she still found plenty to chew.

Bearsie was, of course, a wonderful climber, and it was quite astonishing to watch her going up the edge of a door with no other grip than the flat of her soft little three-toed feet. She had, of course, no claws to help her, having only flat nails on the upper surface of her toes. The nail of her inner hind toe appeared as if sliced away, giving her a kind of claw, which she used mainly for scratching herself. She combed her coat with her tusks. Her agility in a tree was equally fascinating. Her favourite perch was the petrea beside the porch, and there she climbed about on the narrow branches and twigs, gripping and balancing in order to reach the sprays of beautiful purple flowers that grew on the ends. She could balance on her hind feet on the thinnest of twigs, and when, on one occasion, she overbalanced, she gripped with her hind feet so smartly that she came up again in a full circle. Sometimes I took her for a walk on my shoulder and her grip on my neck was almost a stranglehold.

Bearsie was a most affectionate little creature and loved to lie across the back of my neck as I sat in an easy chair. From the very first she was quite tame and completely fearless. She approached cats, dogs, and parrots with perfect calm and, strangely enough, they were all afraid of her. Our own cat, a Siamese of rather uncertain temper and a ferocious fighter, was terrified of *Bearsie* even when she was very small. Another large male Siamese which stayed with us, also a battle-scarred veteran, always considered discretion the better part of valour when she appeared.

Whether it was because she was too young, or because she was a female, she never made the characteristic cry which is so often heard in the forests of Southern Nigeria and which gives her the native name of *Wa-Wa*. Her usual noise with us was a soft chirrup or bird-like twittering. When vexed or frustrated she made a little ticking sound, and she also had a *pft-pft* noise of enquiry.

As far as cleanliness is concerned, all hyraxes are house-trained by nature. Our *Bearsie* was no exception and on the few occasions when she was unable to use her box she very cleverly chose the wash-basin as being the most suitable substitute. (This may confirm the story that hyraxes often defæcate over running water.)

When we went on a tour for a couple of weeks we left her with friends, but in spite of all their kind attention and coaxing she pined and refused even her beloved coffee. In two weeks she lost 12 ozs. As soon as I had collected her, however, and brought her home she was drinking milk and eating happily, and put on nearly a pound in weight in the following week.

During the visit of the Queen to the Laboratories of the West African Council for Medical Research, *Bearsie* achieved the great distinction of being presented to her Majesty. The little hyrax featured in the Section of Nutrition, representing animal protein in the African diet. Well-brushed and wearing a red, white and blue ribbon (which she subsequently ate), she made her

curtsy and was duly admired by the Royal party.

You will already have noticed that this is written in the past tense. Alas, after almost a year, we lost our *Bearsie*. Her very tameness was her undoing. One day she wandered outside the compound and was seen and killed by a couple of passing labourers, who, not unnaturally, saw her only as a stray bush-animal miraculously fattened for the pot. We found her and buried her with great sorrow under one of the rose-bushes she had so often "pruned."



AT ABOUT SIX WEEKS OLD: THE LITTLE TAME TREE-HYRAX WHICH HAD WEIGHED ABOUT 10 OZS. AT THREE WEEKS OLD. SHE WAS FED AT FIRST ON WARM, DILUTED MILK FROM A PIPETTE.

Photograph by John Boorman.

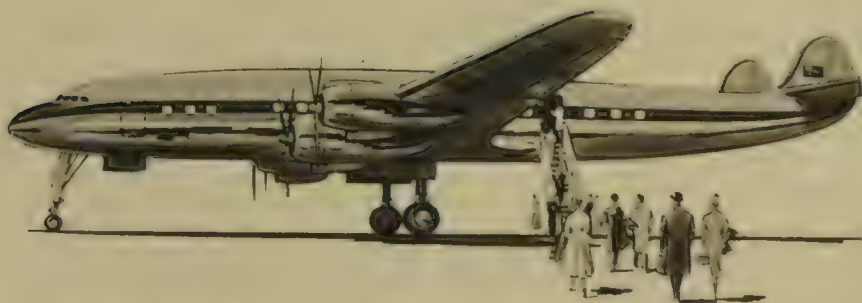


AT ABOUT ELEVEN MONTHS OLD: BEARSIE, THE FEMALE TREE-HYRAX, WHICH WEIGHED ABOUT 5½ LB. AT THIS TIME AND WAS 18 INS. IN LENGTH. SHE THRIVED ON A VARIED DIET AND HAD A PASSION FOR COFFEE.

Photograph by L. J. Bruce-Chwatt.

would not touch it if it was poured straight into the saucer, until I at least pretended to fill it from my own cup. The rattle of cups and the smell of hot coffee would always bring her in from the garden or down from the roof in a hurry. She always wiped her mouth most fastidiously afterwards—on my dress or on the furniture.

Her craving for less orthodox foods was unfortunately a vice and had nothing to do with hunger. She ate numerous ties, underwear, shirts, nylon, plastic bags, cellophane and, on one



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IN reviewing this comprehensive collection of children's books for Christmas, one cannot do better than to start with a most remarkable study of children and their psychology. This is "Something Particular," by Ann Driver and Rosalind Ramirez, illustrated by Isabel and John Morton-Sale (Hodder and Stoughton; 52s. 6d.). Miss Ramirez was a Royal tutor, and among her charges was Prince William of Gloucester. With Miss Ann Driver and encouraged by the Duchess and the late Queen Mary, she carried out a series of experiments in the drawing-room of York House, in bringing out the latent capacity in children for self-expression through mime, singing and dancing. It is a book quite outside my normal experience, but one which I thoroughly enjoyed. The illustrations, as I say, are enchanting to the point of being deeply moving. Prince William and his twenty young companions are to be congratulated on having so imaginative, unusual and sensitive a start in their sentient lives.

One of the most agreeable of fantasies in this large batch of children's books is "The Vegetabull," written by Jan Le Witt (Collins; 8s. 6d.). It is the initially sad tale of Yorick the Bull, who ate up all the vegetables in the garden which was the pride of the island of Mandolia. Alas! not only did the islanders lose their vegetables, but Yorick turned into a vegetabull, with carrots for horns, a turnip for a head, and spring onions for a tail—a combination which proved irresistible to the birds of the island. How Yorick restocked the island with vegetables and regained his natural form will amuse the younger children as much as it apparently amused Mr. Le Witt's son, for whom the story was written and the paintings made.

Last year I commended the adventures of a most engaging tiger—Ethelbert, I think his name was—who went to the moon. This year Miss Nancy Spain, following closely on this precedent, has produced "The Tiger who Went to the Moon" (Parrish; 7s. 6d.). It is very agreeable, but not, I fear, quite up to the standard of my friend of last year.

Another famous author who has turned his hand to the writing of children's books is Mr. Louis MacNeice, the poet. His pleasant fantasy (with excellent illustrations by Edward Bawden) is called "The Sixpence That Rolled Away" (Faber; 10s. 6d.). It tells the story of how the pound note married a ten-shilling note, had three children (a half-crown, a shilling and a sixpence) and lived together in a money-box on a mantelpiece. But the sixpence rolled away—and its adventures are the theme of this book.

No child or student of children's books will fail to be familiar or delighted with the adventures of Orlando the marmalade cat. This time Orlando's adventures are entitled "The Frisky Housewife," by Kathleen Hale (Country Life; 8s. 6d.). Orlando is, I think, getting a little bit too sophisticated (which I deplore), but he and his family remain as attractive as ever, and no journalist will fail to be delighted with the organs of public opinion in Orlando's world—the "Mews Chronicle," the "Evening Mews," and the "Mews of the World."

Another cat whose adventures are recorded for children at Christmas time is "Fish Head," by Jean Fritz, illustrated by Marc Simont (Faber; 10s. 6d.). Unlike the sleek and well-liking Orlando, Fish Head was a scrawny, scruffy but proud wharf-side cat, who in chasing a grandfather rat on a wet night, found himself willy-nilly on a ship which was putting to sea. The sailors laughed at him, but Fish Head found the voyage as interesting as the young reader will find his *contretemps* amusing.

Mary Hall Ets will be well known to many children for her books about the forest. This time her book is called "Another Day" (Faber; 7s. 6d.). The animals who inhabit the forest are as pleasant and friendly as any which a child might wish to meet. Mary Hall Ets illustrates the book as well, but I am afraid that I did not find her black-and-white drawings as attractive as the text.

Books on animals make up a large part of this year's collection of children's books. Quite the most enchanting of these is "The Little Elephant," by that most famous of photographers of wild animals, Ylla (Hamilton; 10s. 6d.). As the book depends entirely on the photographs of Japu, the baby elephant, who was born in Mysore (where Ylla took the photographs), there is no description that I can give which can adequately describe the delight which this book provides. I defy anyone from the age of six to sixty-six not to fall for it.

Another book which depends to a great extent on the quality of the photographs which illustrate it is "The Queen's Horses," by Charles Mitchell (Macdonald; 21s.). Mr. Mitchell was given permission to visit the Royal Mews at Buckingham Palace, Windsor, Hampton Court and Balmoral, and here is to be found a complete range of behind-the-scenes photographs and descriptions, from the Windsor greys and the Queen's racehorses to The Tank, the strongest of the Balmoral deer ponies.

"The Pony Club Book," edited by Alan Delgado for the British Horse Society (Naldrett Press; 15s.), is becoming a welcome annual. This is the seventh volume and will be as highly prized by the horsey young as its predecessors. One pleasant feature is the delightful series of nineteenth-century cartoons and photographs of horse-buses, fire engines, and the like.

"Nipper Shiffer's Donkey," by Fingal Rosenquist (Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), describes how everything nice happened to Nipper, the culminating point

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

FROM VEGETABULL TO THE PONY CLUB:
CHILDREN'S BOOKS TO AMUSE AND INSTRUCT.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

Miss Dodie Smith is a delightful writer for grown-ups. She now launches out in a tale for children, which will be equally popular with older readers. It is "The Hundred and One Dalmatians" (Heinemann; 10s. 6d.). The household, with its vast collection of dalmatians, is as pleasant as any in which a dalmatian puppy could hope to live and move and have its being. And when the puppies are stolen and the dalmatians turn detective, the fun becomes fast and furious.

Books on adventures at sea are always popular, and this year there are four which can be recommended for the younger generation. These are "Sandy the Sailor," by Pauline Clarke (Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), which

describes how a small boy went to sea in the clipper *Calypso* and of his adventures as that trim craft made her voyage round the world; "Target Island," by Bruce Carter (Hamilton; 10s. 6d.), a mysterious and exciting story of three children who hoped to get to America in a sloop but found themselves on a strange island, which I gather is not likely to be found on any ordinary map; "Seaway to Adventure," by Norman Lee (Ward Lock; 8s. 6d.), an exciting story based on the author's experiences on board the P. and O. liner *Strathnaver*; and "16 Sail in Aboukir Bay," by Stephanie Plowman (Methuen; 12s. 6d.), an admirable tale of the Navy in Nelson's time. It tells, through the medium of a young boy's experience, the story of Nelson's career up to the time of the Battle of the Nile, and includes, incidentally, one of the best accounts I have read of Nelson's only defeat—the attack on Teneriffe.

Each year I look forward, as do my young, to Miss Patricia Lynch's annual instalment of the adventures of Brogeen, the little leprechaun. This year we have "Brogeen and the Lost Castle" (Burke; 8s. 6d.). Those who are not already Brogeen fans will find this a good point at which to become one, and the wise who are already addicted to that little person's adventures will not be disappointed in this year's instalment. Louisa M. Alcott is synonymous with her famous book "Little Women." Less well-known is "Little Men," which was published in 1871 and which is now reprinted by Ward Lock at 6s. Those who like the late Miss Alcott's style will no doubt appreciate this book. Susan Coolidge's "Katy" series are also well-known and "What Katy Did Next," which, I am told, is a favourite with the girls, is also reprinted by Ward Lock at 4s. It is not my cup of tea, but then my taste in books for girls begins and ends with the admirable works of Miss Angela Brazil.

Two historical books which will appeal to the more intelligent child are "Mary Queen of Scots," by Emily Hahn (Macdonald; 8s. 6d.), which recounts the tragic story of that tragic Queen straightforwardly and attractively, and "The Day Before Yesterday," edited by Noel Streatfeild (Collins; 12s. 6d.), an admirable scrapbook of fifty years ago. Mr. Dick Hart's drawings are extremely well done, and as evocative as the text of these first-hand reminiscences.

I can do little more than mention "The Little Laundress and the Fearful Knight," by Bertram Bloch (Faber; 10s. 6d.), which that admirable judge, Simonon, has described as "a fairy tale of knight errantry, simple and bright as a mediæval illumination"; "Beyond the Rainbow," by R. F. Lewis (Hutchinson; 9s. 6d.), a tale about Old Man Rat, who was a tramp, and the friends he fell in with on his journeys; "The Secret," by Dorothy Clewes (Hamilton; 8s. 6d.), which, I am happy to say, ignores the existence of myxomatosis, and "Polly the Giant's Bride," by Catherine Storr (Faber; 7s. 6d.), a strange tale indeed.

Altogether a wide-ranging series of children's Christmas books, but I have a feeling that this year they are not quite up to last year's standard.

Two books in a valuable new series published by Messrs. Chatto and Windus at 8s. 6d. each are "Jim Bartholomew of the R.A.F.," by Duncan Taylor, and "Jonathan Enters Journalism," by Granville Wilson. These are called the "Chatto Career Books for Boys," and in each case provide a stimulating introduction to the careers which the fictitious Jim Bartholomew and Jonathan take up. As far as Jonathan is concerned, if he carries out the

instructions laid down for him by Mr. Wilson, who is himself a journalist of wide experience, he should go far and should never get into trouble with the Press Council!

Another book for boys is "The Search for the Little Yellow Men," by Macdonald Hastings (Hulton; 9s. 6d.). Mr. Macdonald Hastings has seen much of adventure throughout his varied career, and this story is a report of his journey in the Kalahari Desert a couple of years ago. Curiously, Mr. Hastings had never been to Africa before, but trekked 1500 miles in a second-hand truck with a photographer, a twenty-year-old Rhodesian motor mechanic and two African boys. The primitive bushmen of whom he writes so vividly and interestingly are some of the shyest and most difficult peoples of the world to contact. It is the measure of Mr. Macdonald Hastings's ingenuity and enterprise that he managed to make friends with them, and thus secure the raw material for this excellent little book.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

HOW well do you know the Laws?

For instance, what would you consider your rights in each of the following circumstances?

A. Your opponent picks up a rook, cries "Check!", suddenly notices that to move to the intended square (the only square from which the rook can give check) would lose the game and, without touching that square, decides to play the rook somewhere else.

B. One of your pawns is *en prise* to both a rook and a queen. Your opponent picks up his rook to make the capture, then decides to take with the queen instead.

C. Your opponent castles by picking up a rook, moving it to the appropriate square, then moving the king over it, also to the correct square.

D. You are playing twenty moves per hour. Your opponent is short of time on his clock. He makes his twentieth move and is about to press his clock button when his flag falls.

E. Your opponent, adjourning at the end of a session, writes down the move 41. R-K4. On resumption, it is observed that this move is unplayable; it is obvious that his intention was 41. R-K5.

F. On your making a move, your opponent, stopping the clocks, says, "Your move produces that same position for the fourth time. I claim a draw by repetition of moves." It is found that the position has occurred three times, not four!

THE VERDICTS:

A. You can do nothing about it. The word "Check!", whether spoken or (in postal play) written, has no legal significance and in no way commits the player to a checking move.

B. He must capture with the rook. If, on the contrary, he had picked up your pawn first, he would still retain the choice of captures.

C. Legally, you can refuse him the right to castle. Castling is regarded as a move by the king and, in castling, the king should be picked up first. Consequently, an attempt by White to castle, king's side, picking up his rook first, could result in his being forced to play R-KB1 instead, which could damage his position irretrievably. Although this law has survived unchanged through a whole series of recent revisions, there is a certain feeling among strong players that it is somewhat of a quibble. In a recent Team Tournament, a Mongolian player erred against it and his French opponent claimed his rights. The claim was overruled. It is necessary to complete the picture by mentioning that the judge was a Communist.

D. He has lost. The new laws specifically state that the last move before a time-control, and only this move, is regarded as being completed only when the clock-button has been pressed as well. This change was introduced because so many players who had lost on time claimed that they had really made the last move but their flag had then fallen before they could press the button.

E. He has lost. The bad old rule that a player might be saved if the intention of his illegal sealed move was clear has been abandoned. An illegal sealed move loses the game.

F. He has lost! When claiming repetition of moves, the claimant must let his clock run on. Otherwise, his claim would have been perfectly valid.

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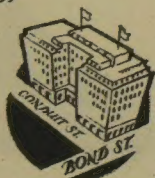
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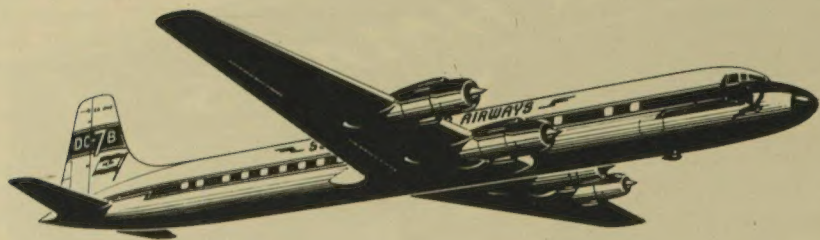


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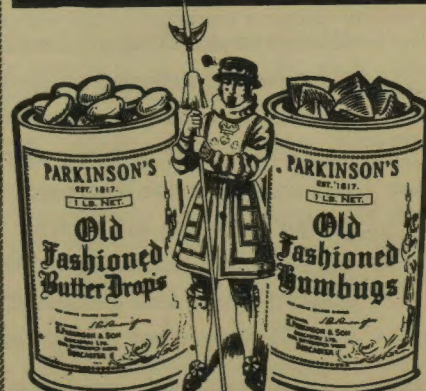
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Shell Nature Studies 24

Snails

PAINTED BY TRISTRAM HILLIER



Snails have been eaten since the Old Stone Age. Tastiest are the large ROMAN SNAIL (1) of copses — which were *not* introduced by the Romans — and the COMMON SNAIL (2) of gardens. Snails were a common medicine for coughs and colds. In Victorian days they were even beaten up with milk, which was then sold as imitation cream by London dairymen. In some towns Common Snails are still sold as "Wall Fish".

Abroad they also eat our familiar GROVE SNAIL (3, 4, 5), which varies much in colour and markings. Shells of this Grove Snail have a chocolate lip, shells of the closely related and also variable GARDEN SNAIL (6, 7) a whitish lip. Sheep like the BANDED SNAIL (8), which belongs to the same family as the paler, flatter HEATH SNAIL (9). The KENTISH SNAIL (10) — not confined to Kent — carries a yellowish shell without dark bands. The differently shaped AMBER SNAIL (11) lives near water.

As for Slugs which are nobody's friend, they are snails more or less which have either rudimentary shells or — like the BLACK SLUG or HORSE LEECH (12) — no shell at all.



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The Key to the Countryside

Shell's monthly "Nature Studies: Birds and Beasts", which gave so many people pleasure last year, is being published in book form by Phoenix House Limited at 7s. The Shell Guide to "Flowers of the Countryside" is still available at 7s. On sale at booksellers.